

GOLD
KEY

THE JETSONS

NOW ONLY 12c

The JETSONS

10041-304

APRIL



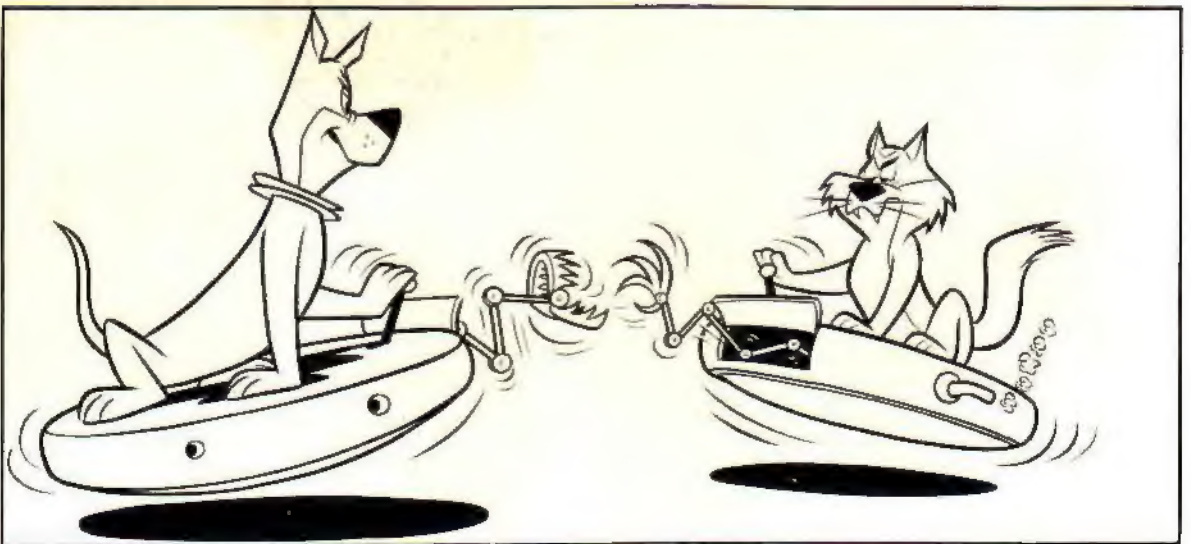
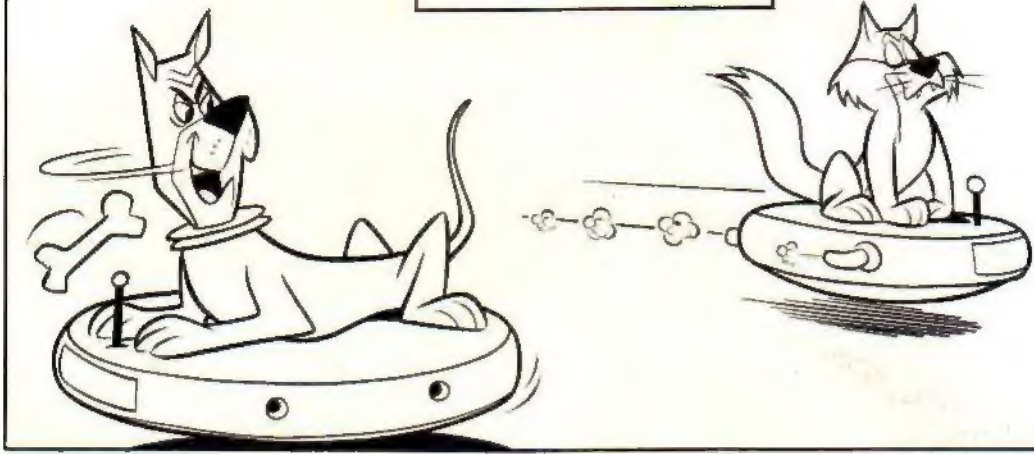
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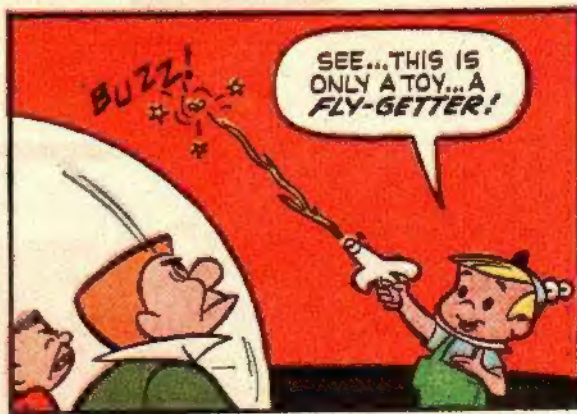
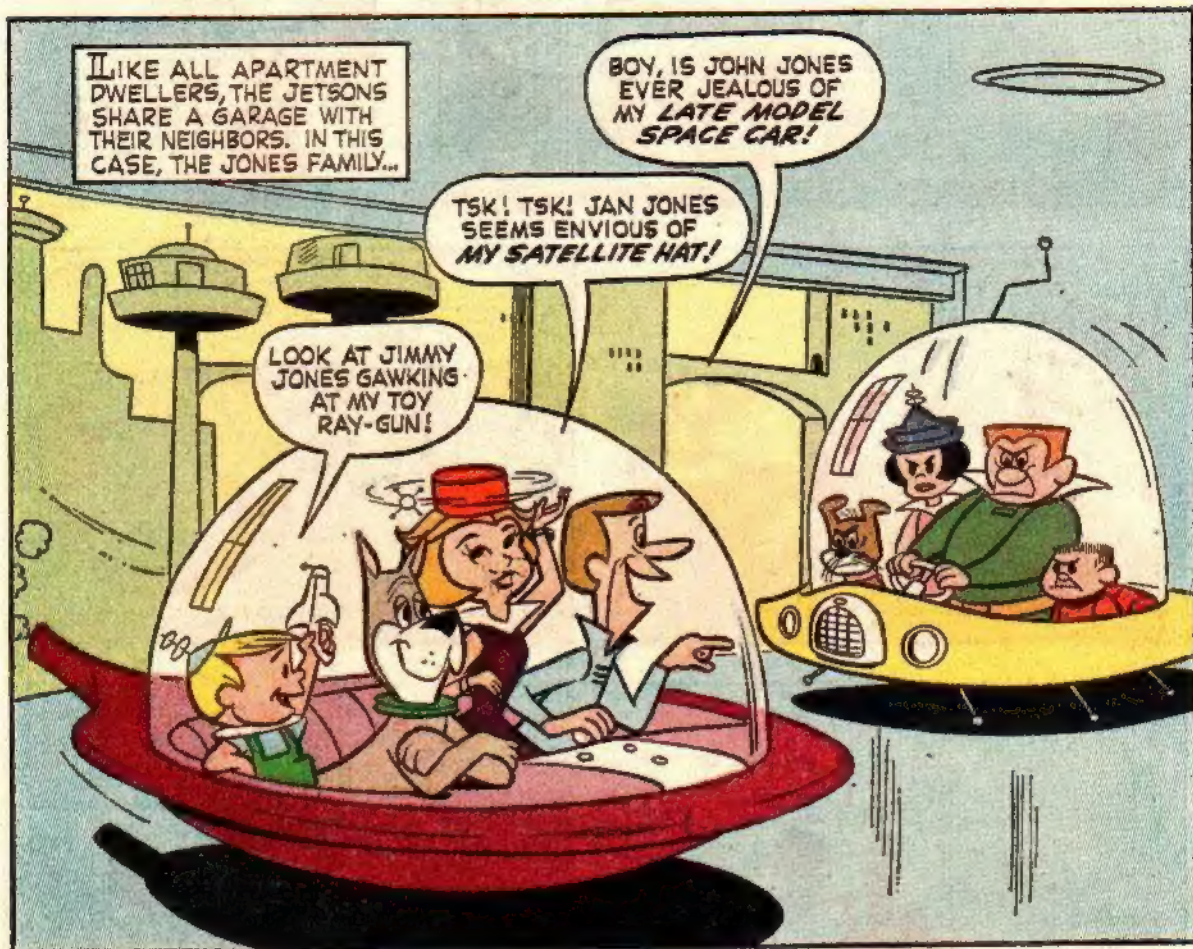
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ASTRO



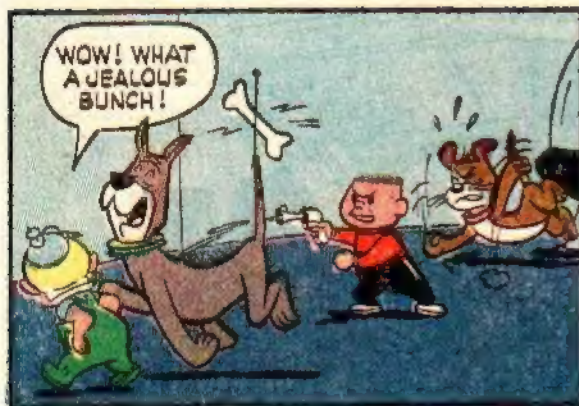
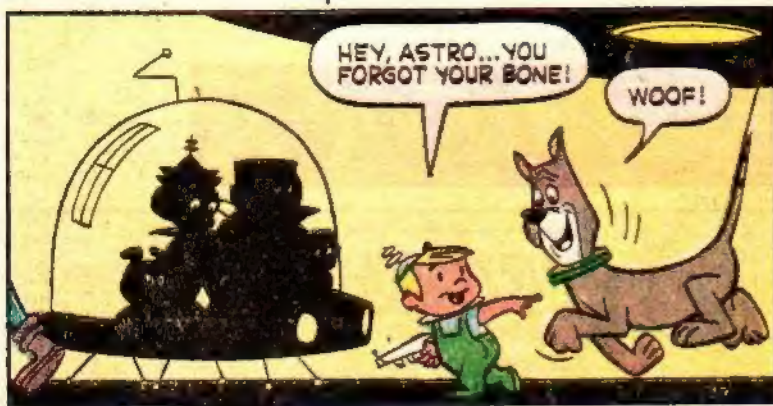
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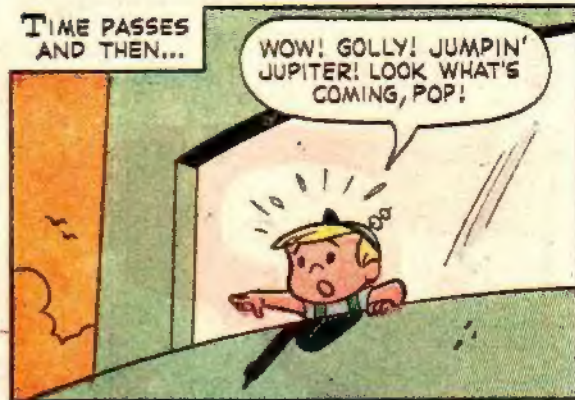
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THANK GOODNESS WE'RE NOT LIKE THAT
...ENVOUS OF OUR NEIGHBORS...



TIME PASSES
AND THEN...

WOW! GOLLY! JUMPIN'
JUPITER! LOOK WHAT'S
COMING, POP!



LA-DEE-DA...THE VERY LATEST, *NEXT YEAR'S*
MODEL OF THE SUPER-GALAXY-CHASER Z-1,000!

N-NEXT YEAR'S...
B-BUT THE NEW MODELS
AREN'T FOR SALE FOR
AT LEAST *SIX*
MONTHS!



YES...ISN'T IT TOO BAD!
HEH! I'VE GOT THE
LATEST SPACE CAR
THERE IS!



LOOK...NO HANDS!
THE *AUTOMATIC*
EYE IS SMARTER
THAN MOST GUYS
NAMED *JETSON*!

IT-IT'S LIKE
TAKING A
SNEAK PEEK
INTO THE
FUTURE!



AW,WHO CARES
WHAT KINDA
SILLY OL' CAR
THAT SPACE-
HEAD OWNS,
ANYHOW?

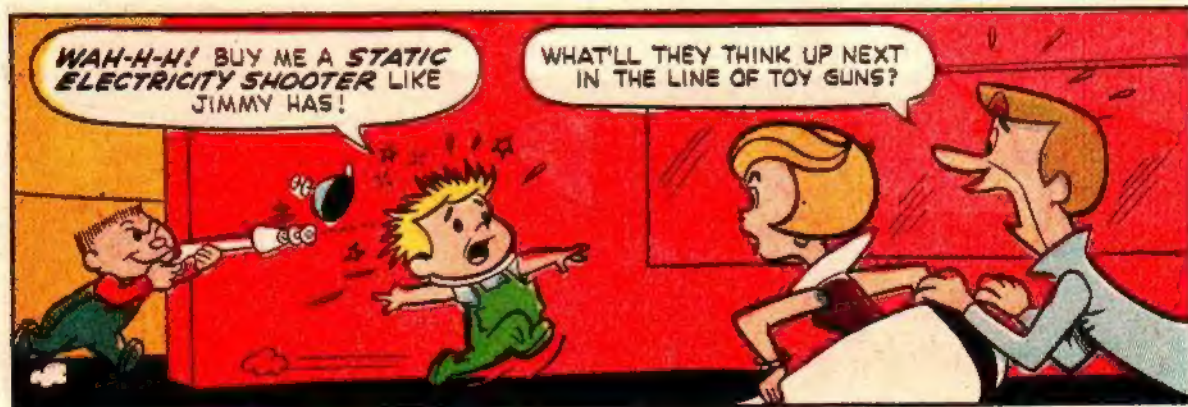
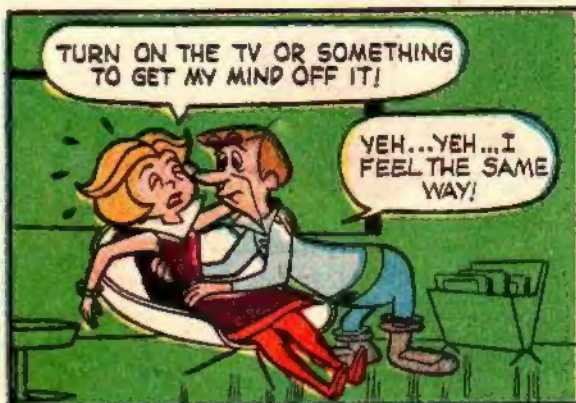
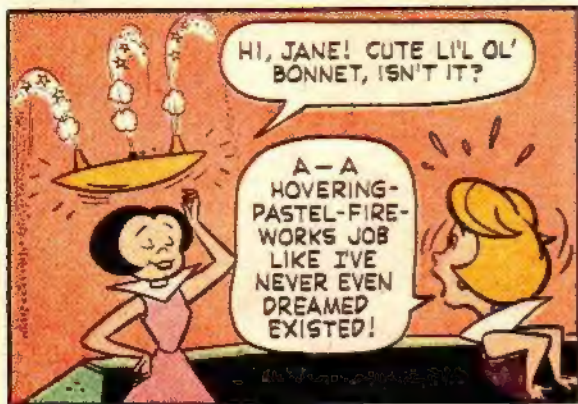
TEE-HEE! HE NEVER
WORRIED ABOUT
KEEPING-UP
WITH THE JONESES
BEFORE, BECAUSE
HE WAS NEVER
BEHIND THEM
BEFORE!

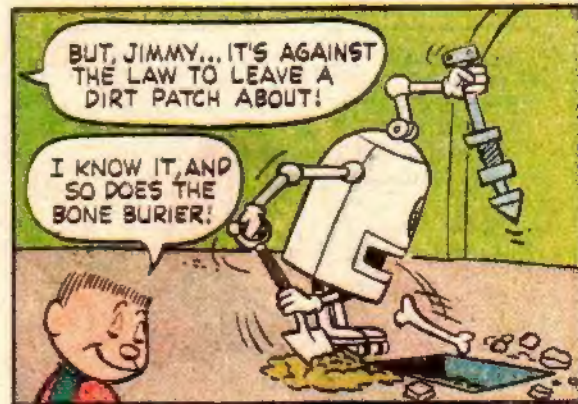
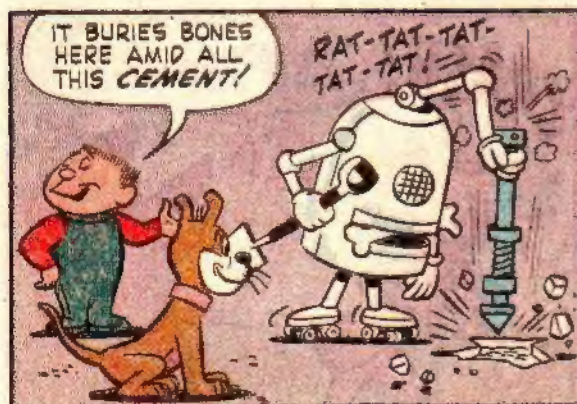
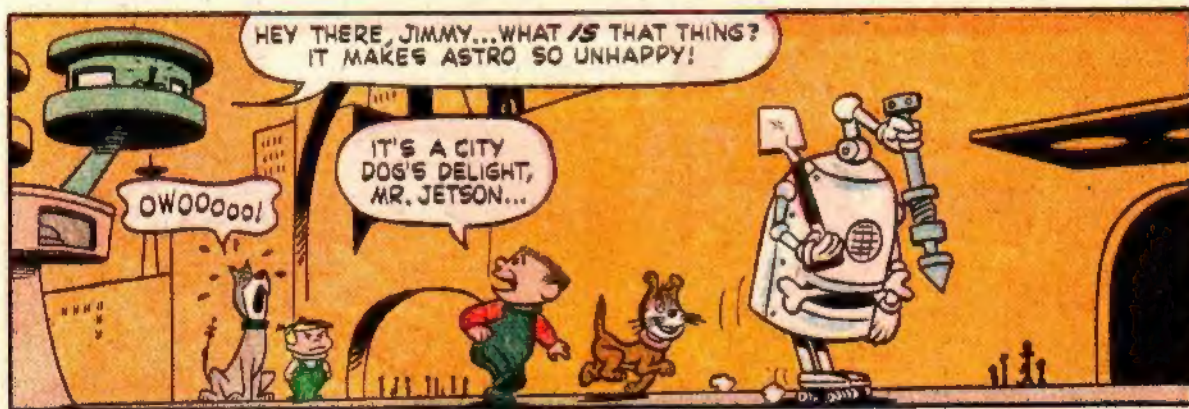
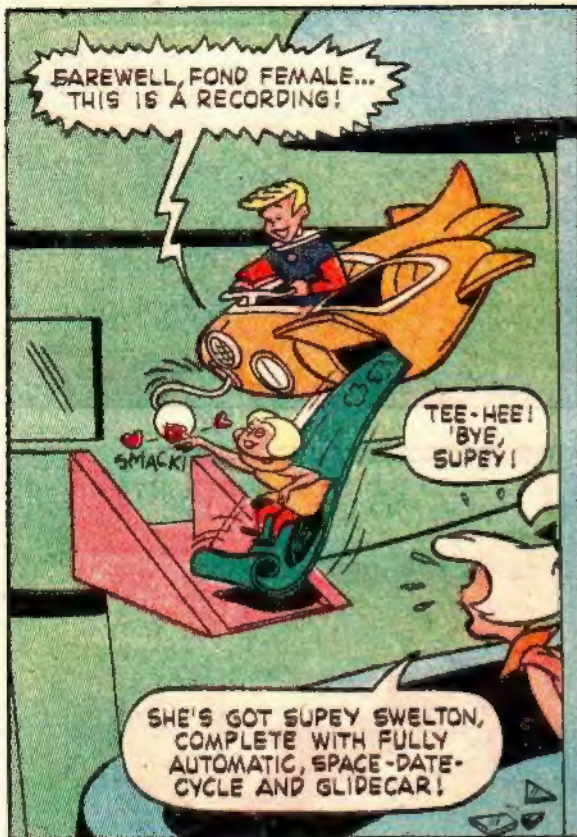


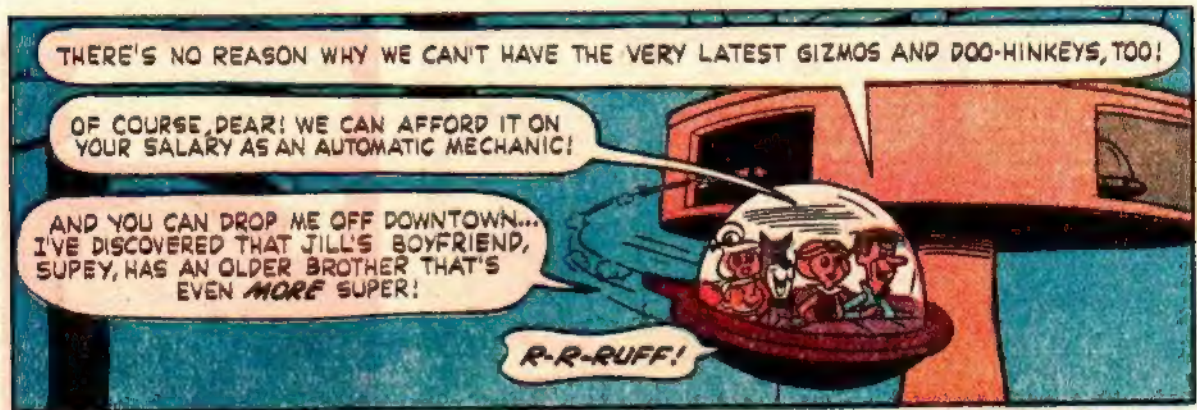
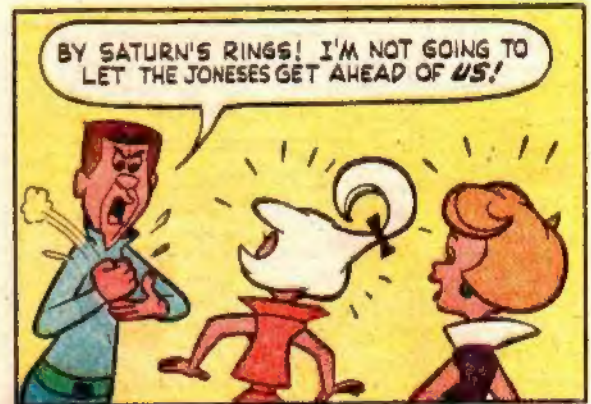
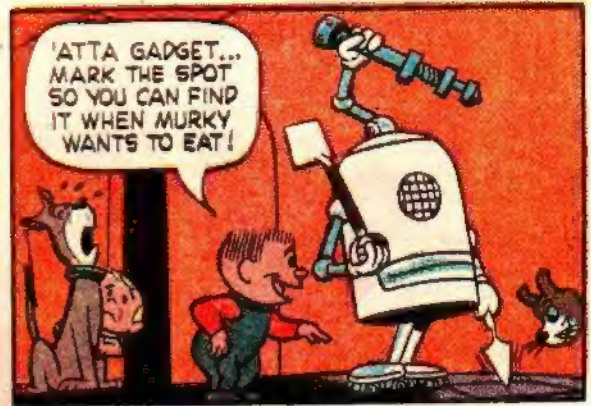
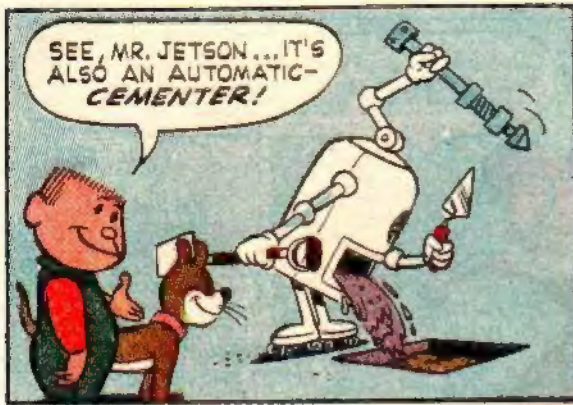
RAP!
RAP!
RAP!

I'LL BET THAT'S JOHN! HE'S
COME TO TELL YOU ALL ABOUT
HIS NEW SPACE CAR, DEAR!

TELL HIM
I'M TOO
ILL TO
LISTEN!







BUT
JANE
HAS
ALSO
HIT A
SNAG...

PLEASE, MA'AM...YOU CAN'T WEAR
THE DRAWINGS OF HATS I HAVEN'T
MADE YET!

OH, GEORGE...JAN JONES IS **TESTING**
THAT FIREWORKS HAT, AND I CAN'T GET
ANOTHER ONE LIKE IT OR BETTER!

PIERRE
McGEE
UNIVERSALLY-
FAMED HAT
DESIGNER

LET'S GO FIND
ELROY AND ASTRO!

AND
AGAIN...

BAW-W-W! JIMMY'S STATIC
ELECTRICITY GUN IS AN **ONLY**
TEST MODEL!

WE'RE ALL IN THE
SAME BOAT, SON!

OH, MY...DON'T
TELL ME...

(SNIFFLE!)
YEAH, MOM...
NO AUTOMATIC-
BONE BURIER
FOR ASTRO!

THE ONE
JIMMY'S DOG
HAS IS AN
EXPERIMENTAL
MODEL!

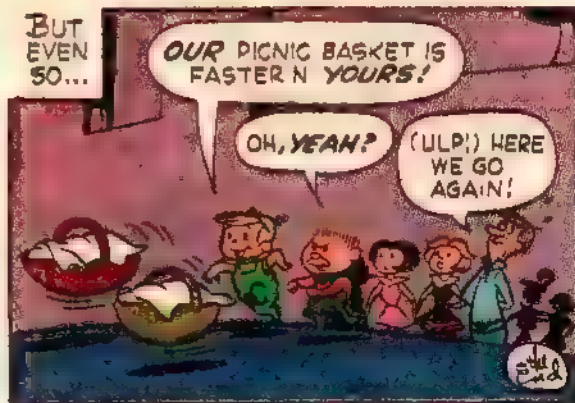
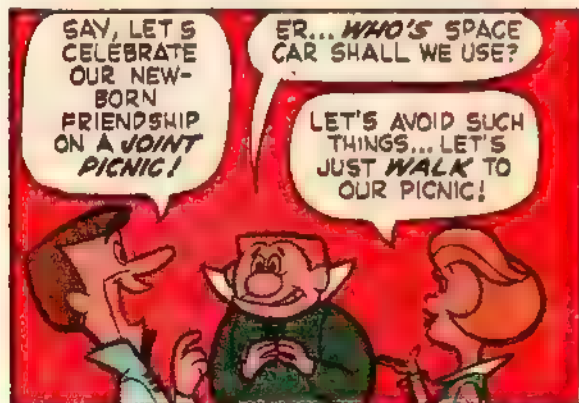
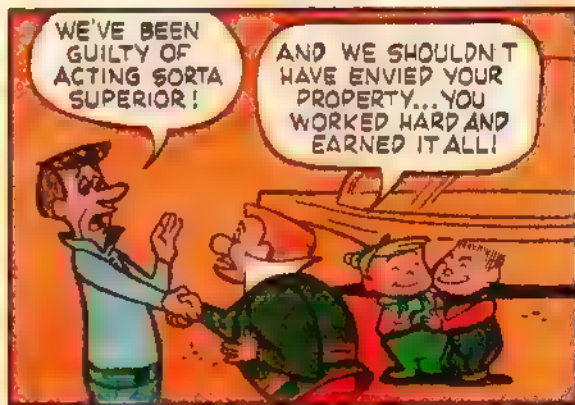
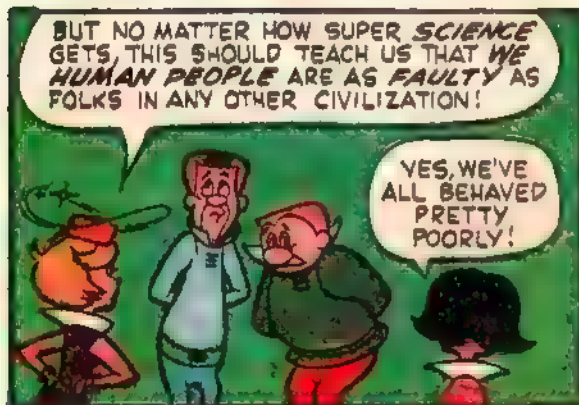
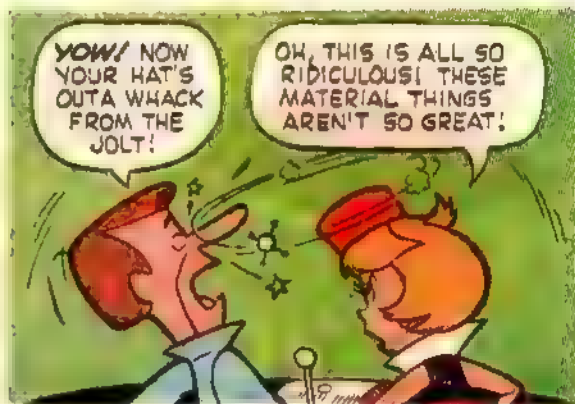
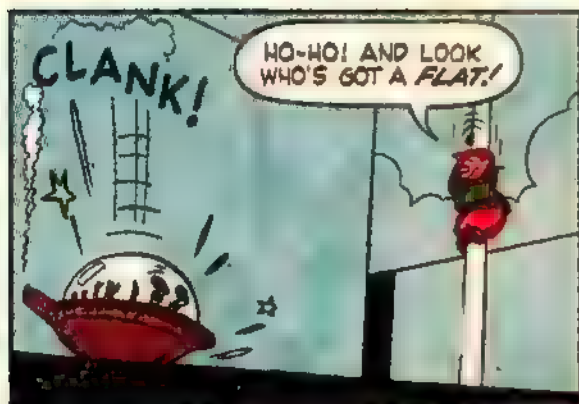
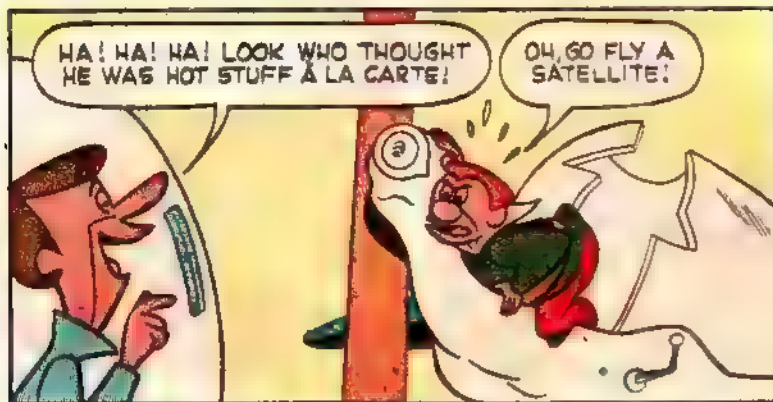
THE WHOLE JONES
FAMILY HAS GOTTEN
AHEAD OF US VIA
TEST MODELS!

ER... MAYBE
JUDY FOUND
THAT SUPER
OLDER
BROTHER OF
SUPEY
SWELTON!

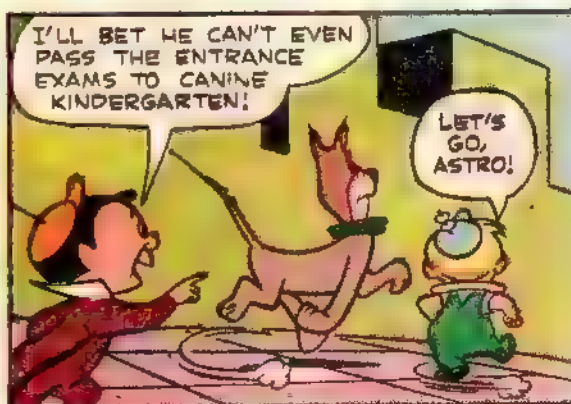
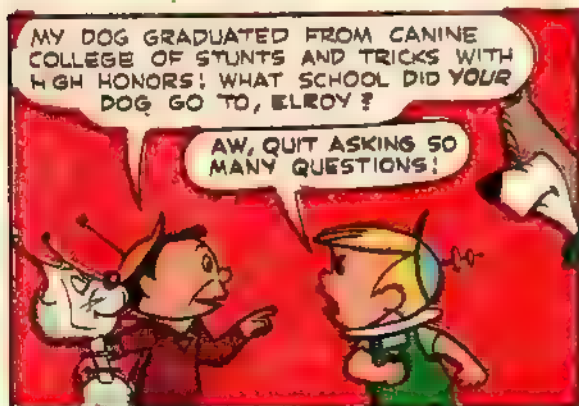
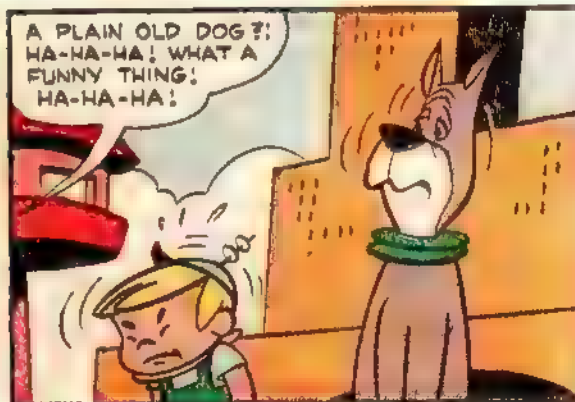
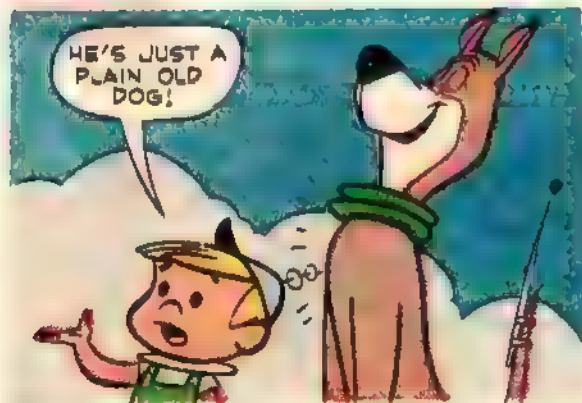
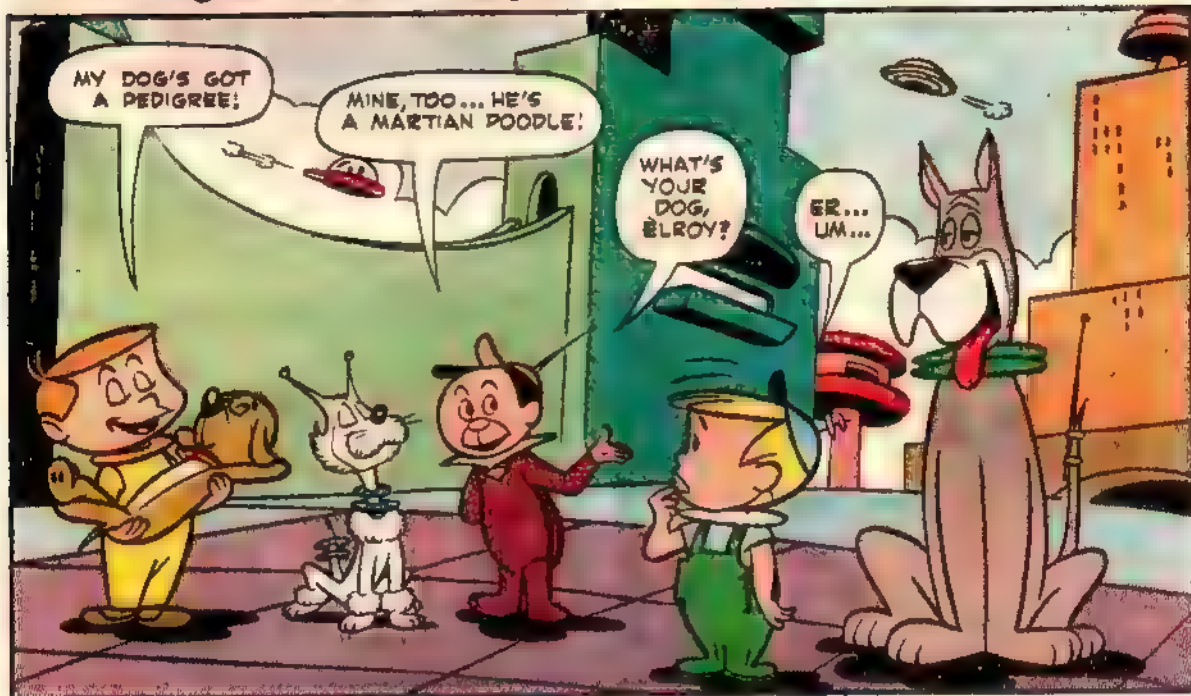
(BOO HOO!) I FOUND
SNAZZERT SWELTON,
ALL RIGHT... AND HE
IS SUPER!

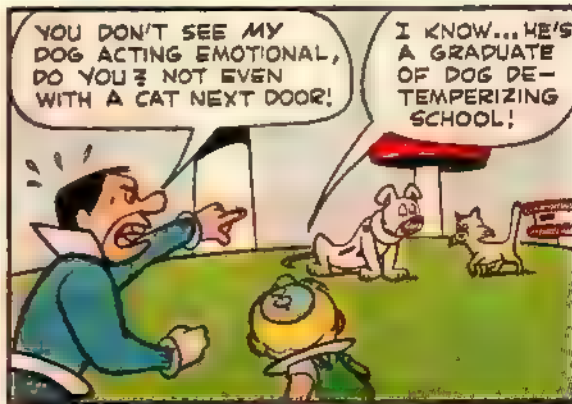
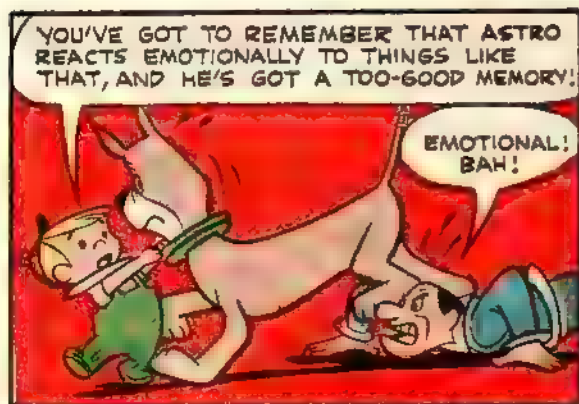
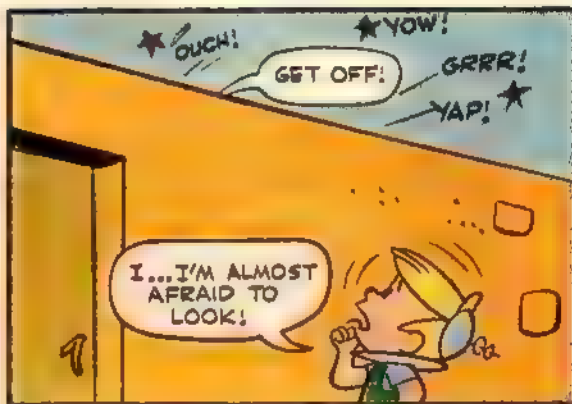
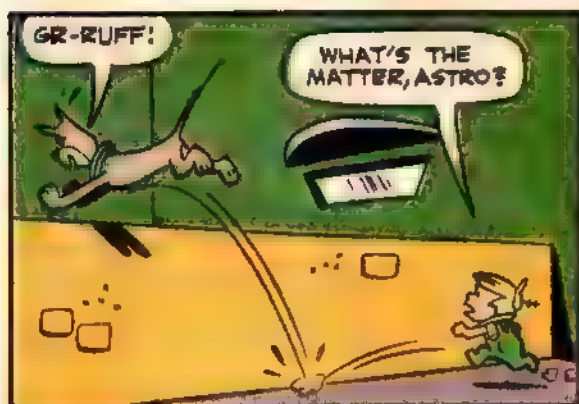
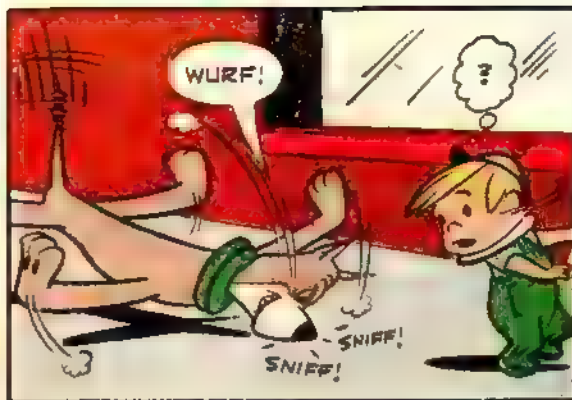
BUT HE ALREADY HAS A SUPER
SWEET WIFE AND A SUPER-SIZED
FAMILY!

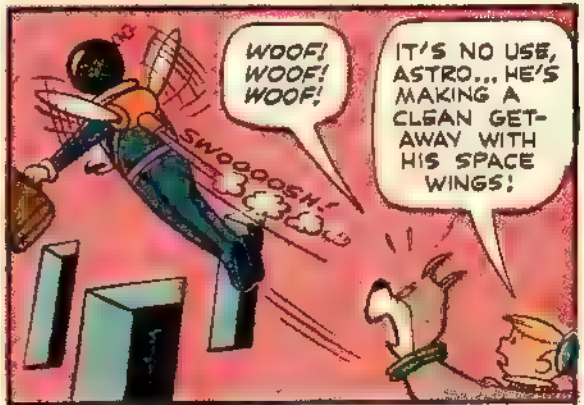
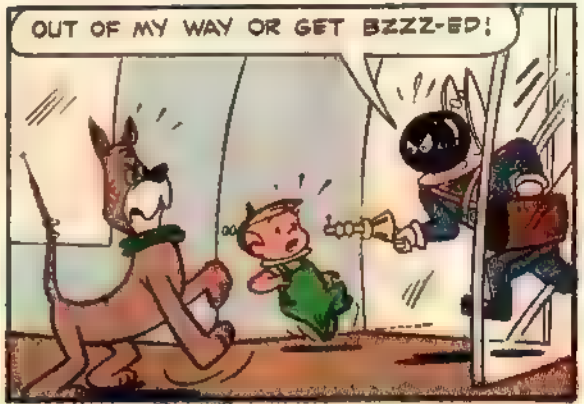
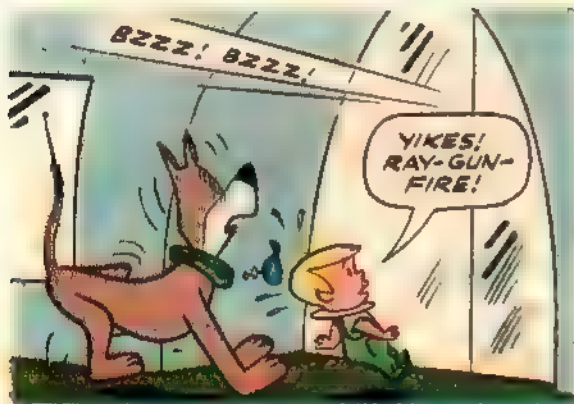
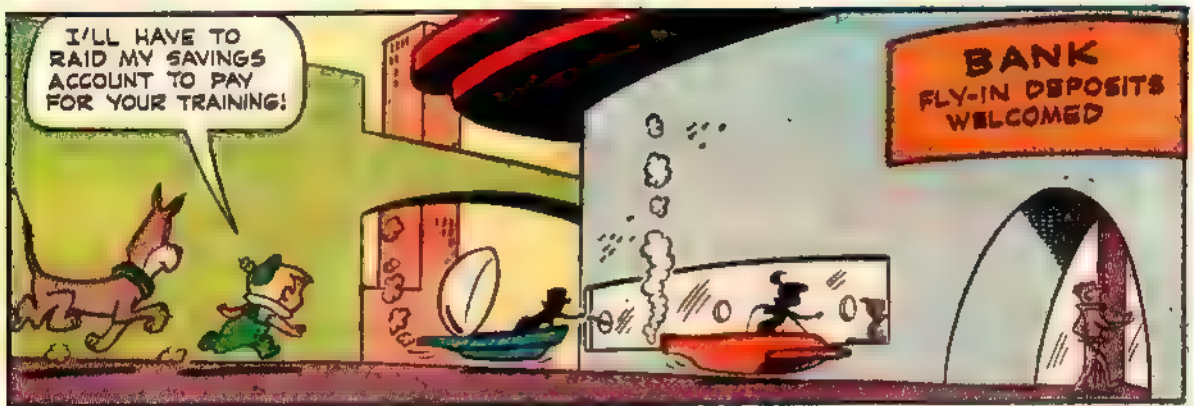
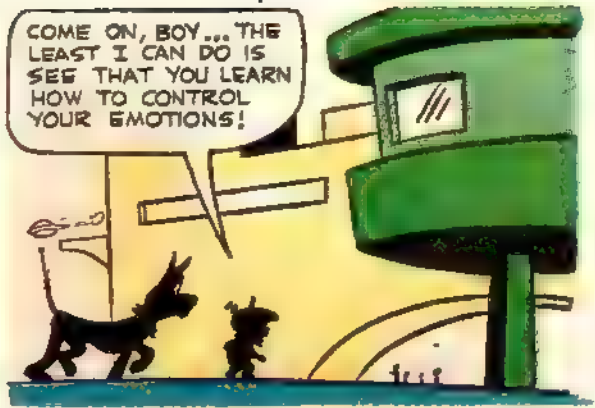
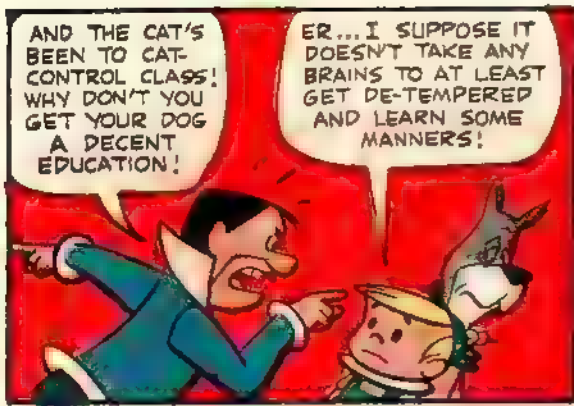
FUTURA
TOYMAKERS

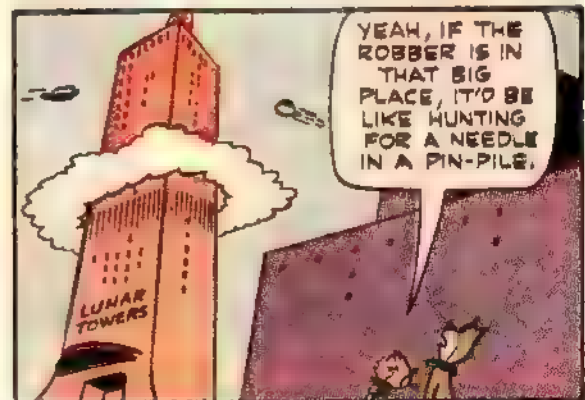
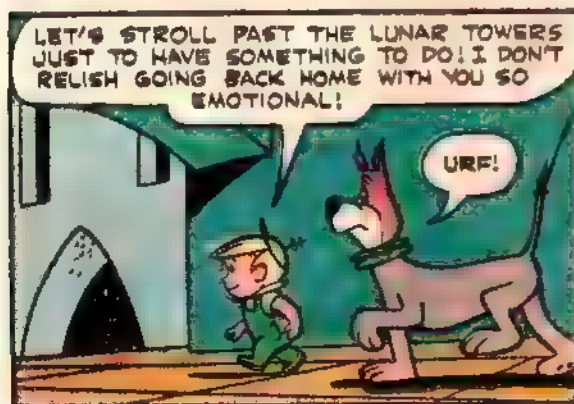
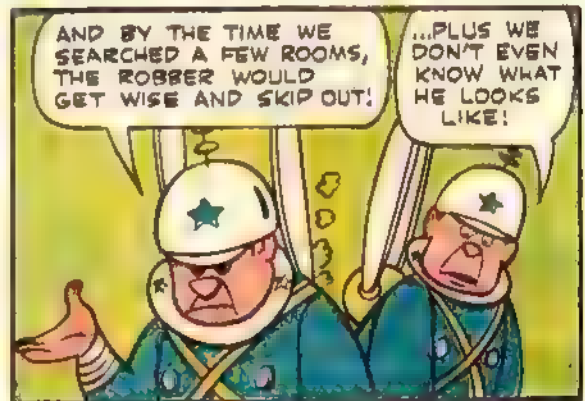
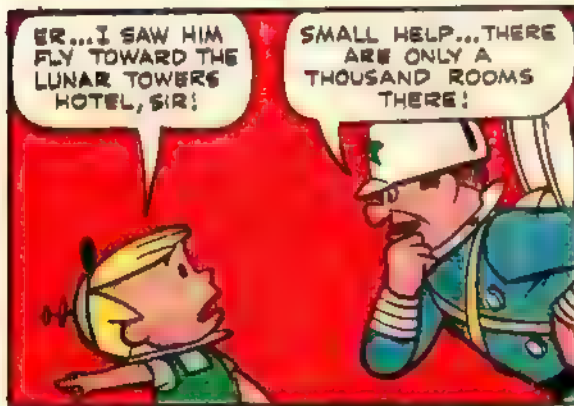
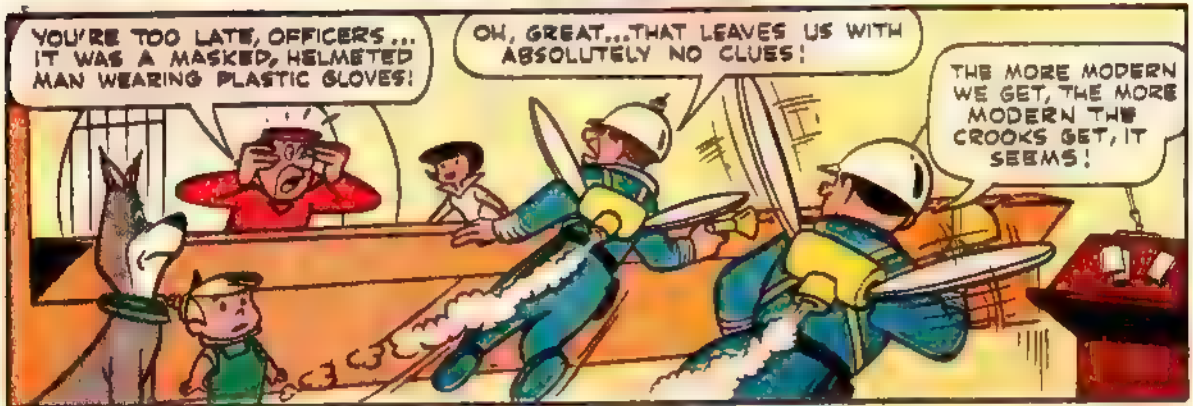
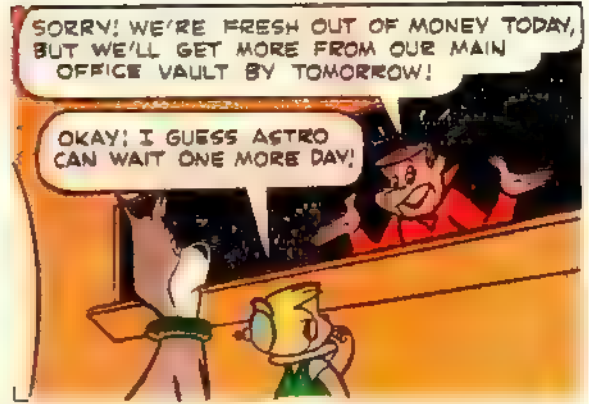
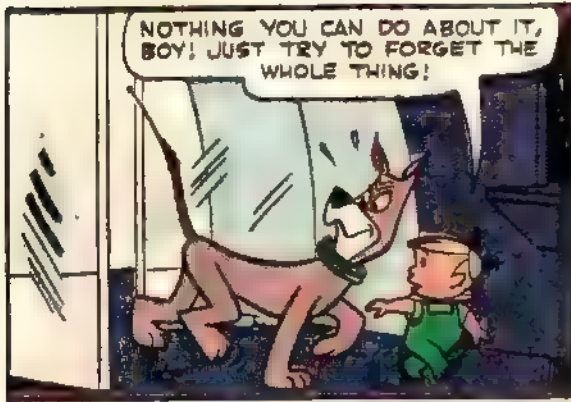


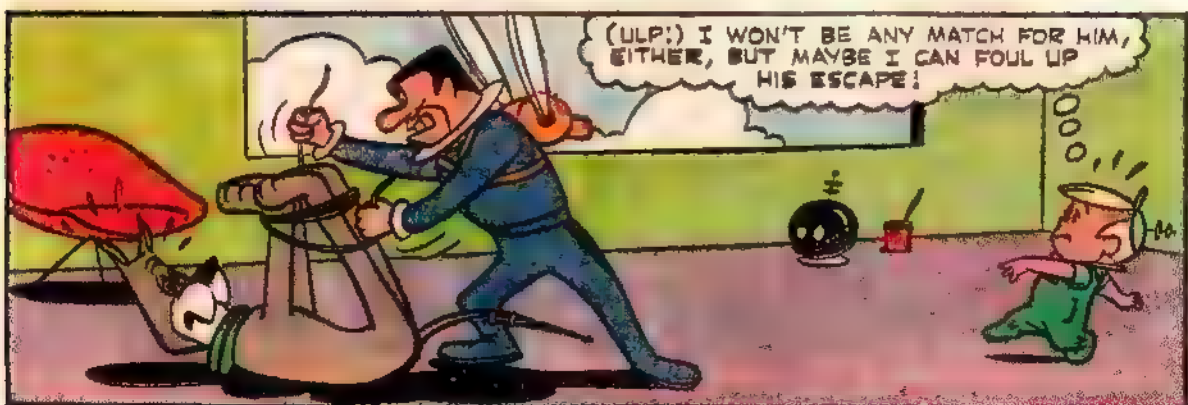
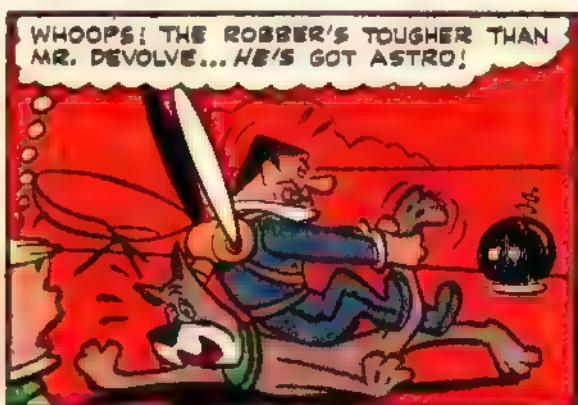
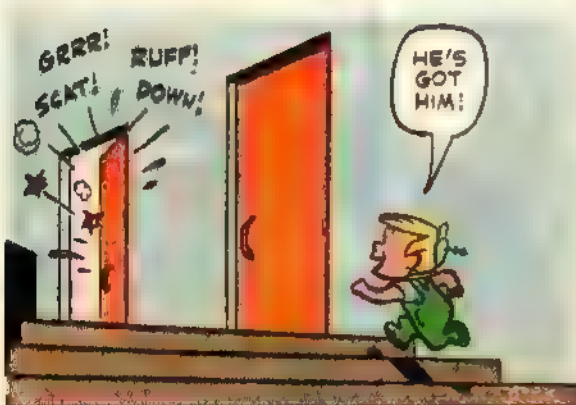
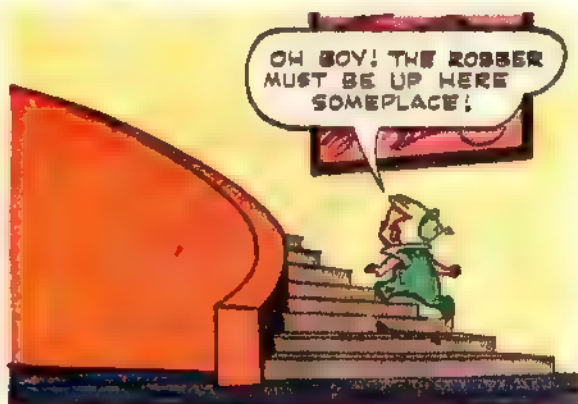
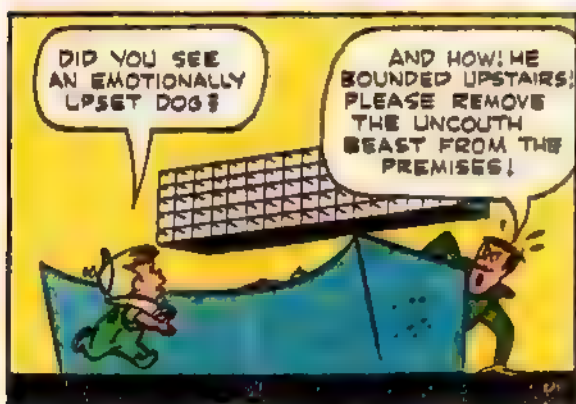
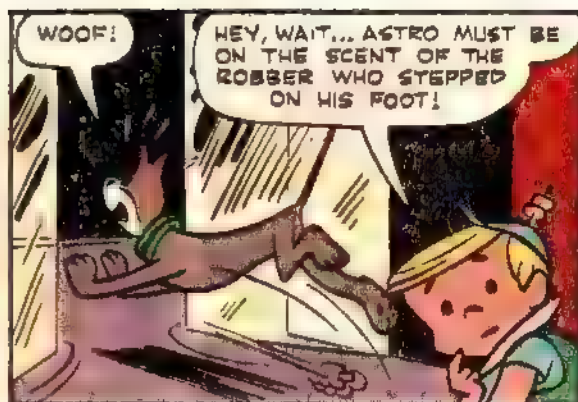
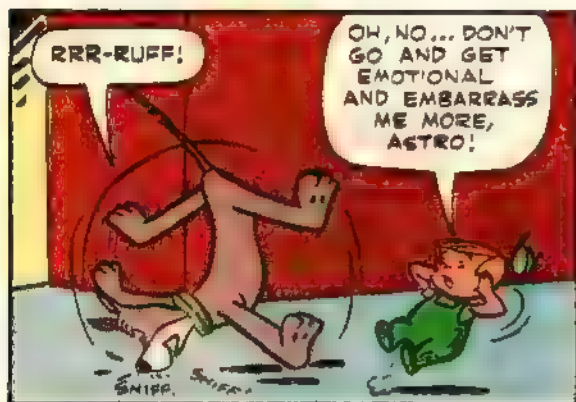
Hanna-Barbera ELROY and ASTRO
BOW-WOW WITH A BONE TO PICK

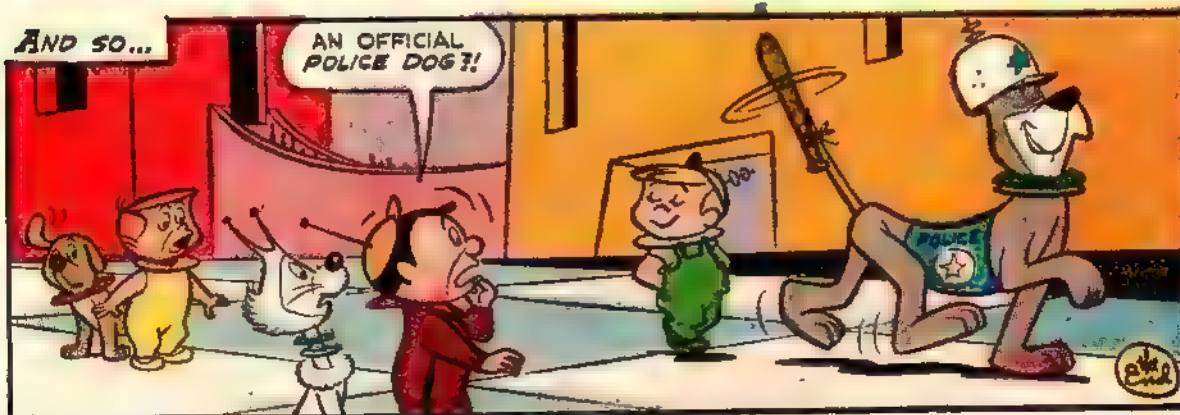
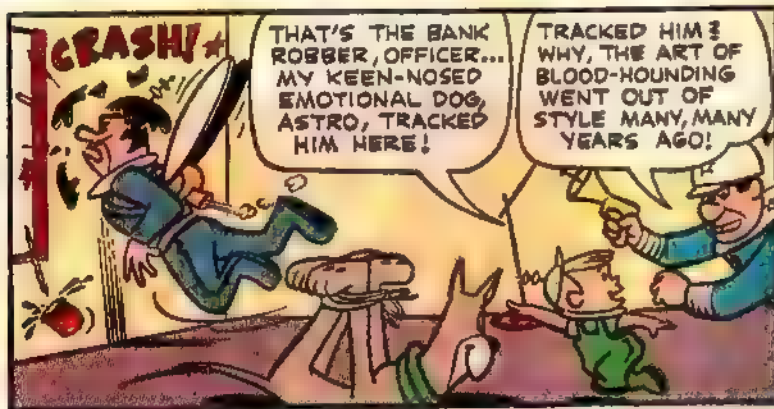
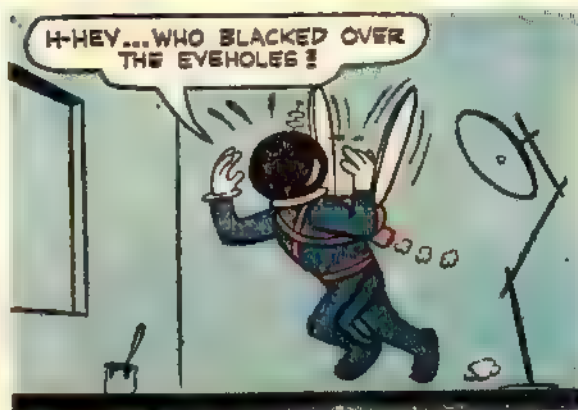
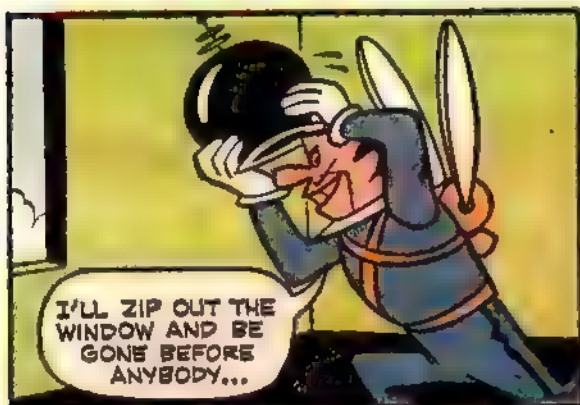
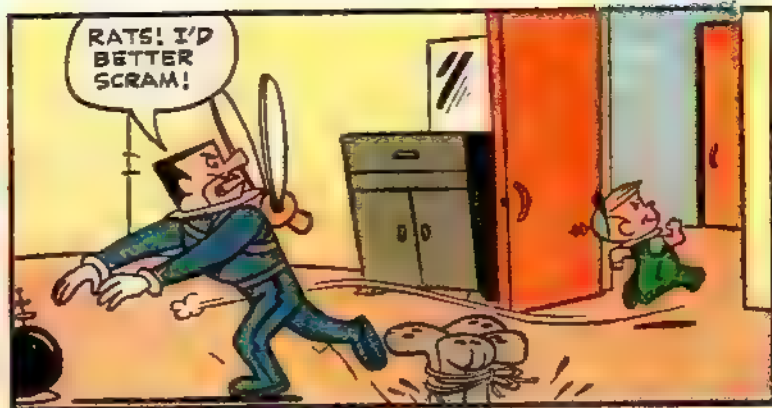












POSTPONED PICNIC



J. Evil Scientist and his lovely (ugh) wife Goonda and their monstrous little son, Junior, were loading up the family hearse, all set to go on a midnight picnic.

"It is such a lovely night for a picnic," chortled J. Evil. "There is no moon; it is raining; it is cold; and the paper said we might even have an earthquake. What luck!"

"I made all of your favorite things, Deah. Southern-fried bat, Transylvanian ghoulish, frog fritters, hung upside-down cake, and a thermos full of slimeade," answered Goonda.

"Where are we gonna have the picnic, Daddy?" asked Junior, biting his father on the leg affectionately. "I wanna go to Sluga-bed Swamp. I love playing in the quicksand."

"Quiet, Junior, or I'll put your muzzle on. Your mother and I have everything planned. We know the duckiest place for a picnic . . . a quaint spot all covered with ivy, poison ivy, of course!"

And so this typical little family loaded up their typical little casket . . . er, basket of goodies into their typical little hearse and were ready to have a typical little midnight picnic. Suddenly, a dark figure came rushing out of the sky . . . faster and fatter than a speeding bull . . . larger than a locomotive! Was it a bird? Was it a plane? NO! It was Blubberinda, Goonda's aunt . . . the world's fattest witch . . . the only witch in the world who needed two brooms to get her off the ground. Even her double

chins had double chins. Her figure measured 42-42-42, and that was just her ankle.

"Yipe!" shouted J. Evil. "If that ball of blubber sees our picnic basket we're done for. She'll eat everything. She might even eat the basket. Quick, Junior, hide this some place! Hurry! . . . before she sees it."

Junior grabbed the basket from his father and went back to the house to hide it.

"I resent you calling my aunt a ball of blubber," said Goonda.

"Do you deny it?" J. Evil asked.

"No. I just resent it," she replied.

Their conversation came to an end as Blubberinda made a three point landing next to them . . . the two brooms and her head. The earth shook under her weight.

"Hmmm, maybe that's the earthquake we're supposed to have," mused J. Evil Scientist.

"Very funny, pipsqueak," Blubberinda remarked, picking herself up from the ground. "You're just jealous of my size. You're so short you can touch your toes without bending over. I never could understand what my sweet niece sees in you. She has to get on her knees to look in your eyes."

J. Evil was red with rage. "Well, you're so fat the last time you went swimming they threw a harpoon at you."

Goonda stepped between them to put an end to the argument. She put her arms around her aunt, and although they were long arms, they only reached about one third of the way.

"Now, Auntie, don't you and J. fight. I'm glad to see you," she said sweetly.

"What's to eat?" asked Blubberinda.

"Auntie, it's not very nice to drop in on a person and just ask what's to eat. You're supposed to have polite conversation first."

"Okay, okay! How have you been? Nice cold weather we're having. What's to eat?"

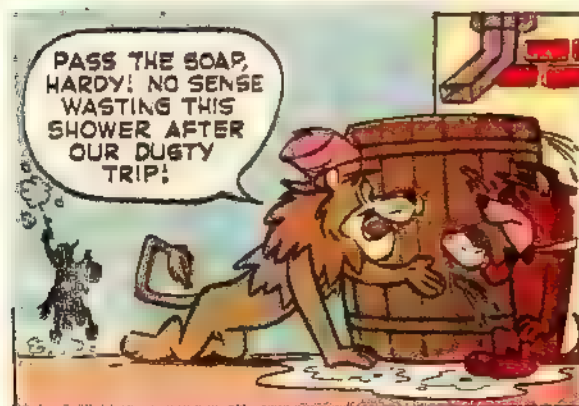
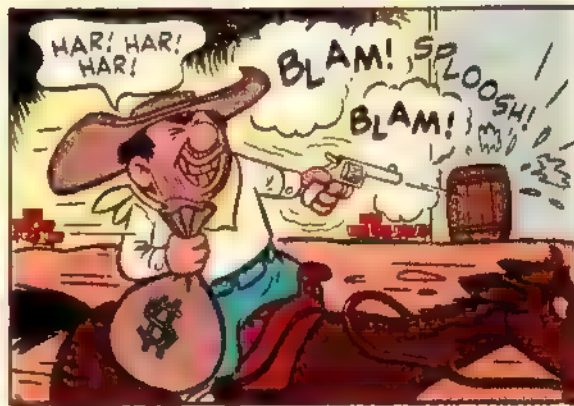
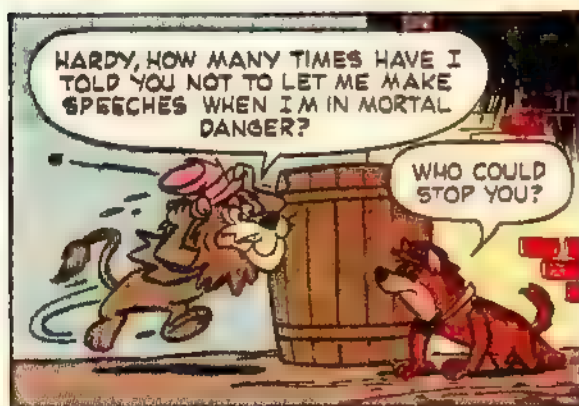
Just then Junior came back with a big grin, and not seeing his great-aunt in sight . . . (she was behind a boulder, a big boulder) he said, "I hid the basket under the porch where Aunt Blubberinda will never find it!"

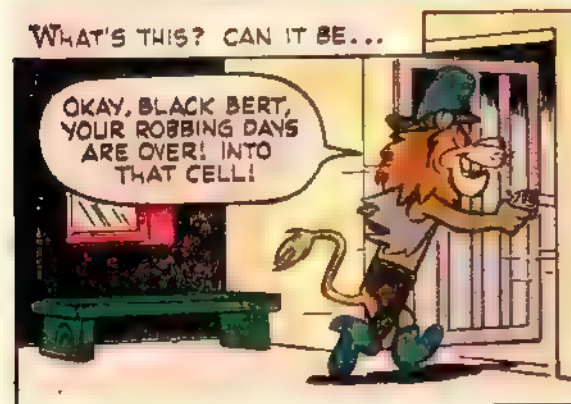
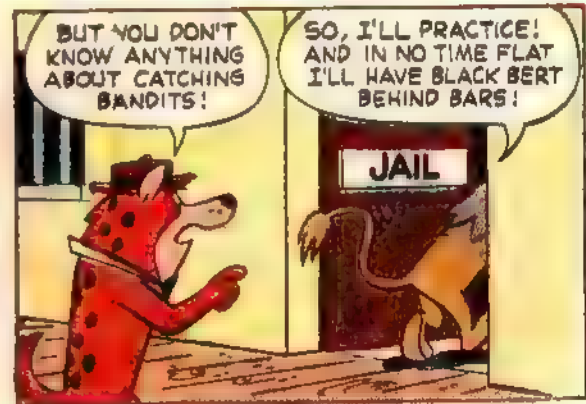
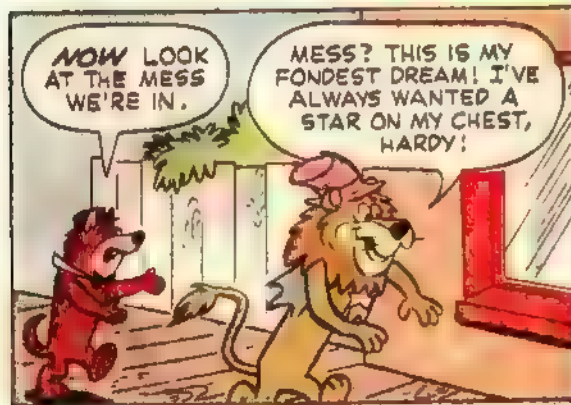
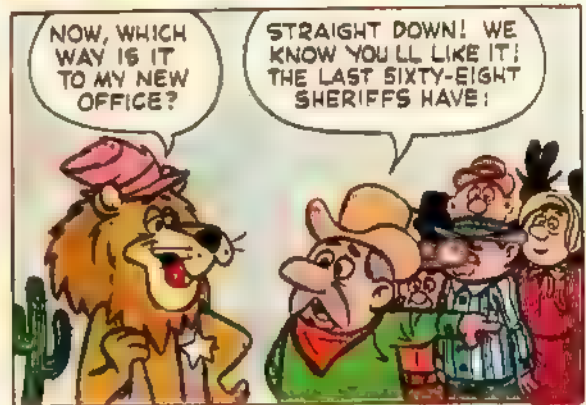
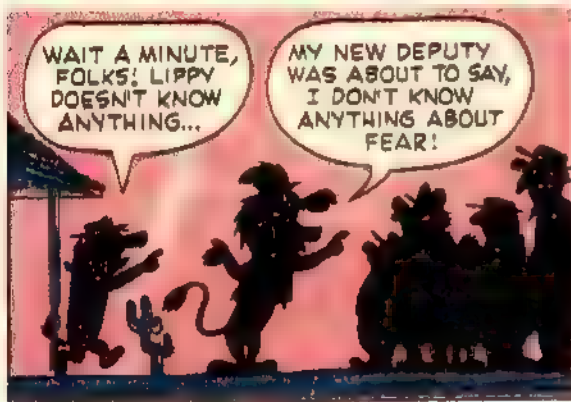
As J. Evil held his head in his hands, the witch made a dash for the house and she performed a witch trick known as "making the food disappear" and thus put an end to the picnic of the J. Evil Scientist family.

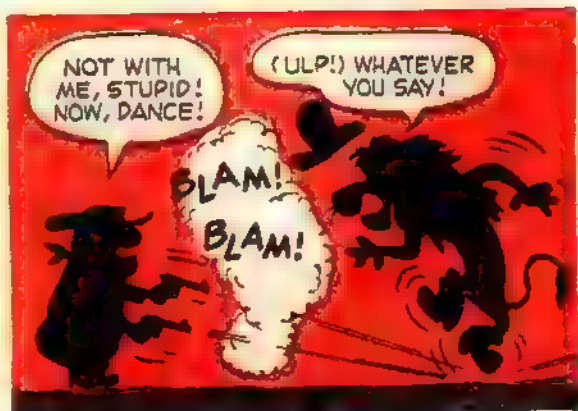
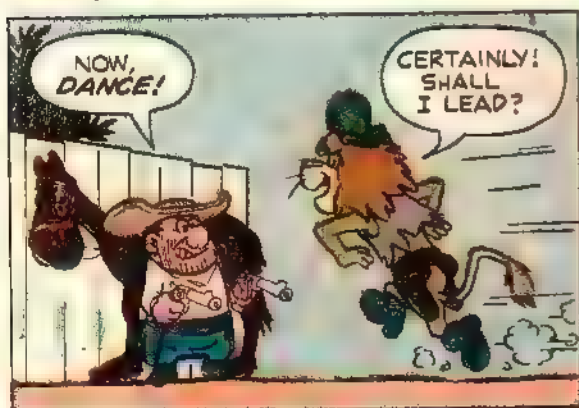
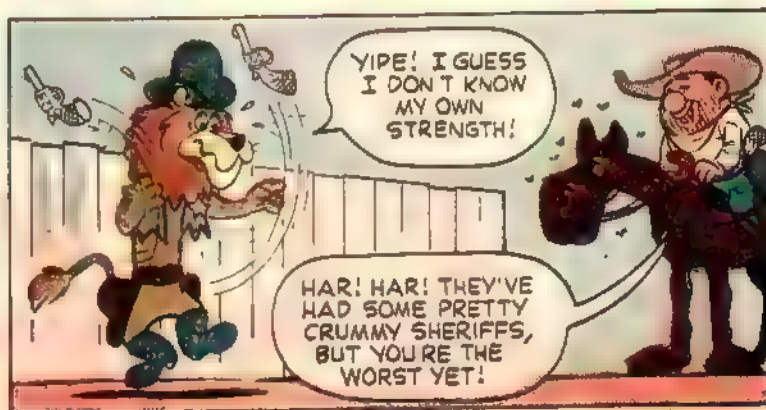
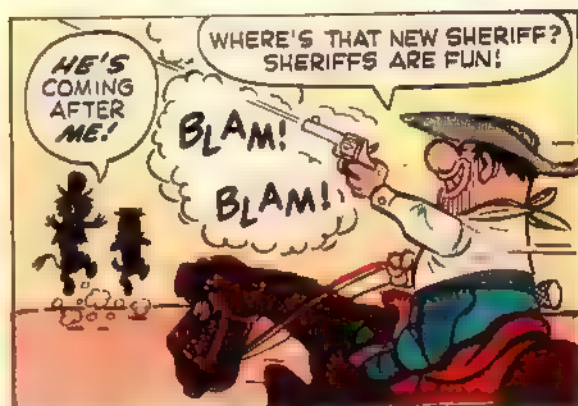
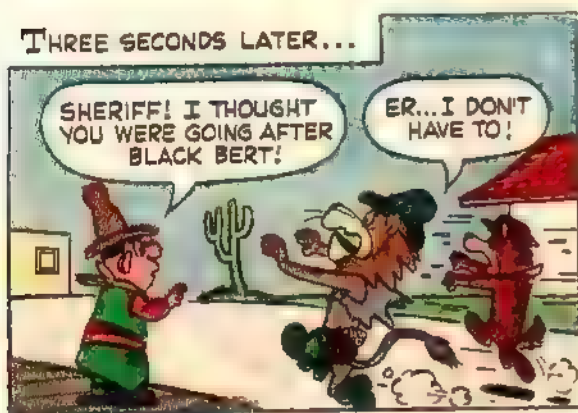
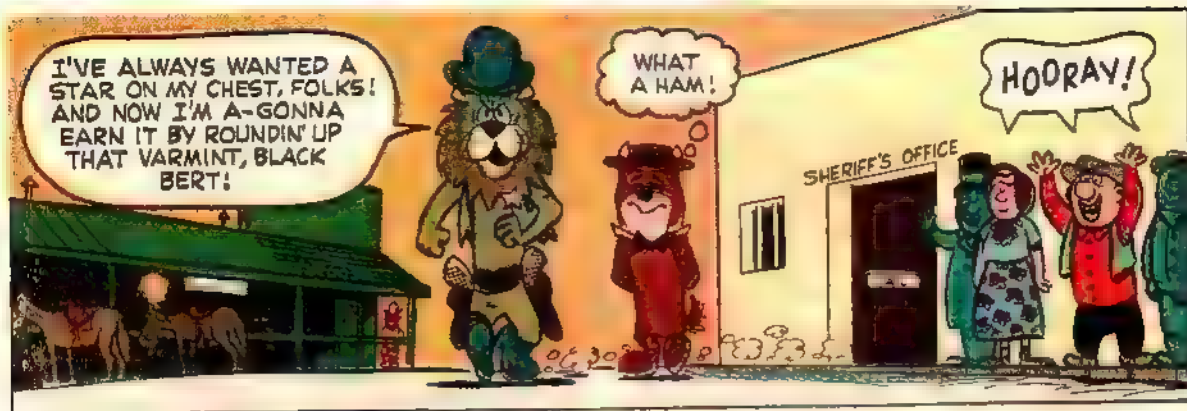
Words to remember: Aunts always ruin picnics.

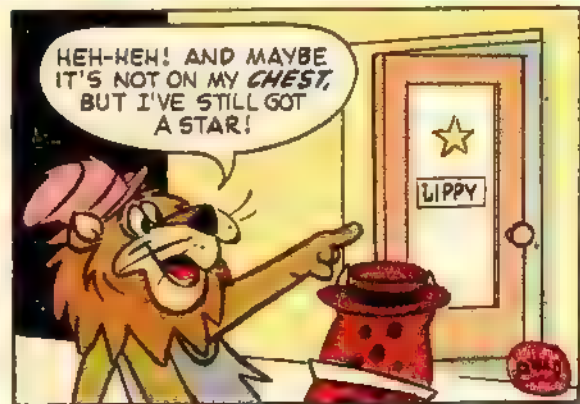
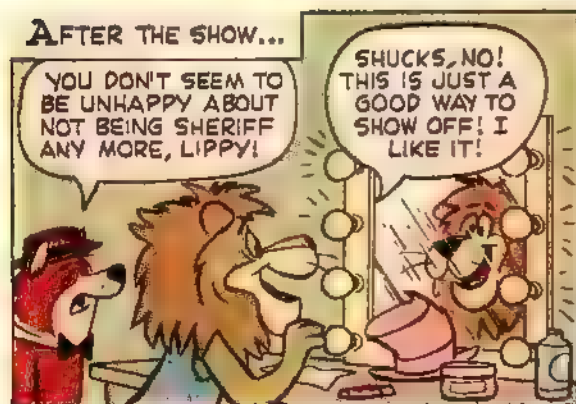
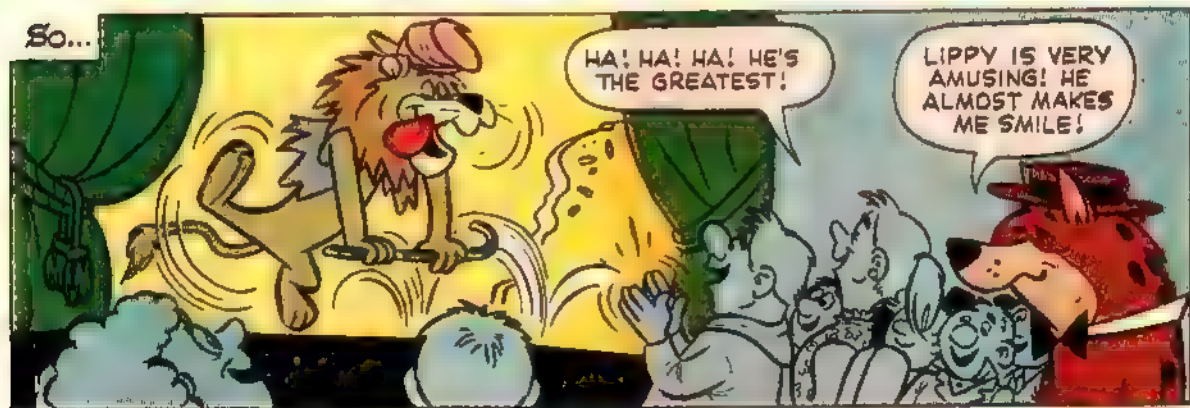
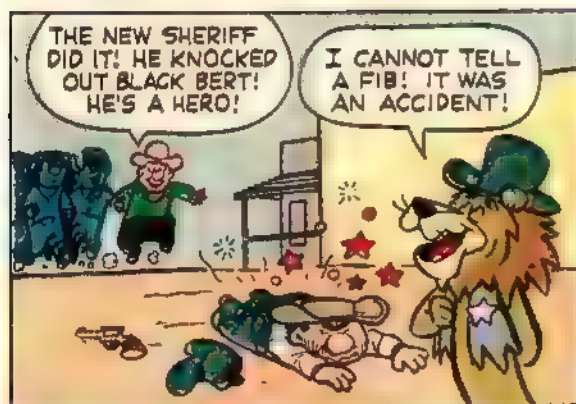
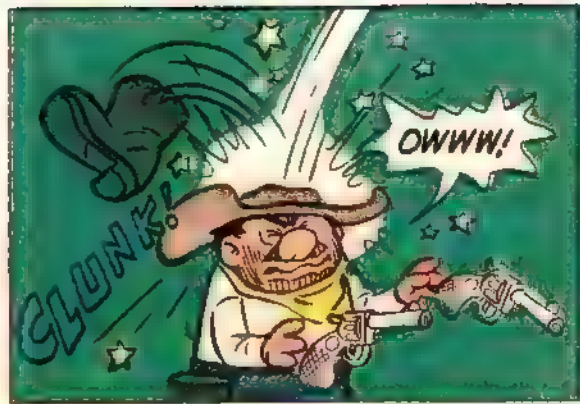
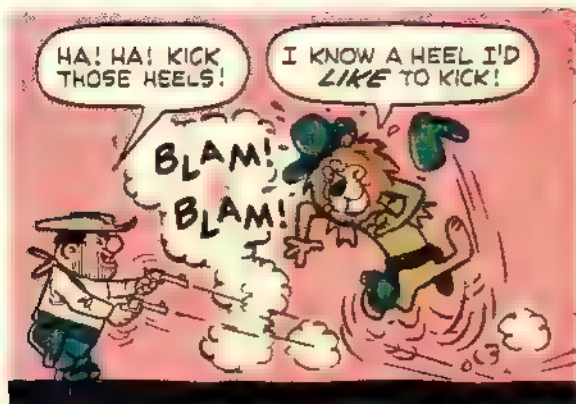
Hanna-Barbara Lippy Lion and Hardy Har Har

TEST IN THE WEST

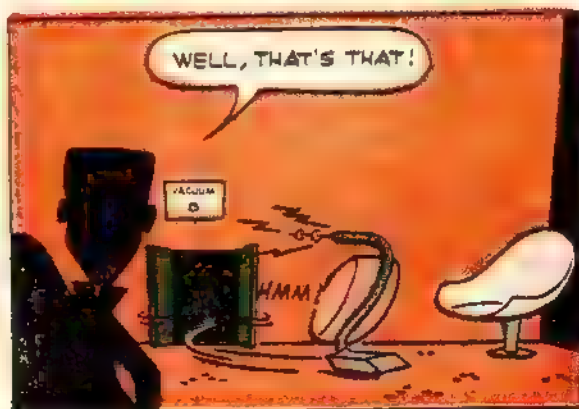
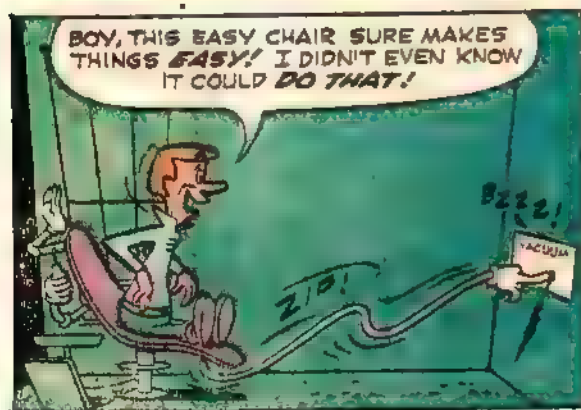
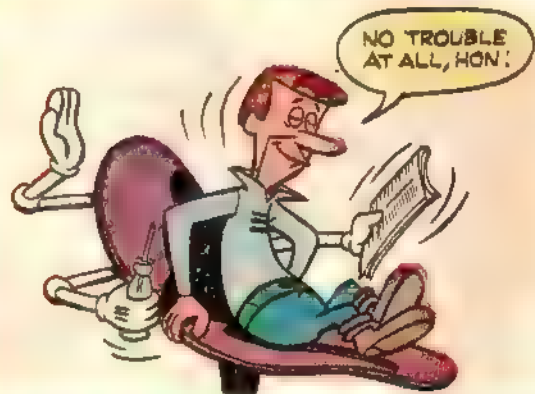
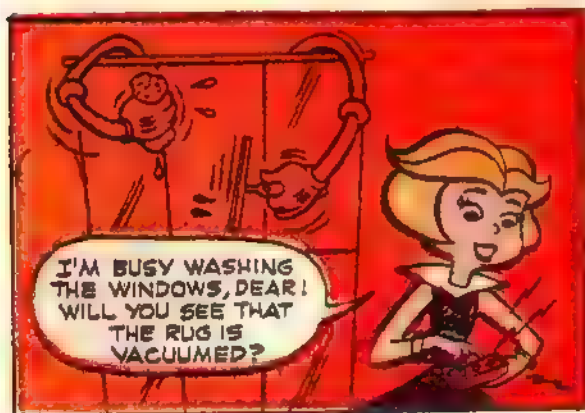
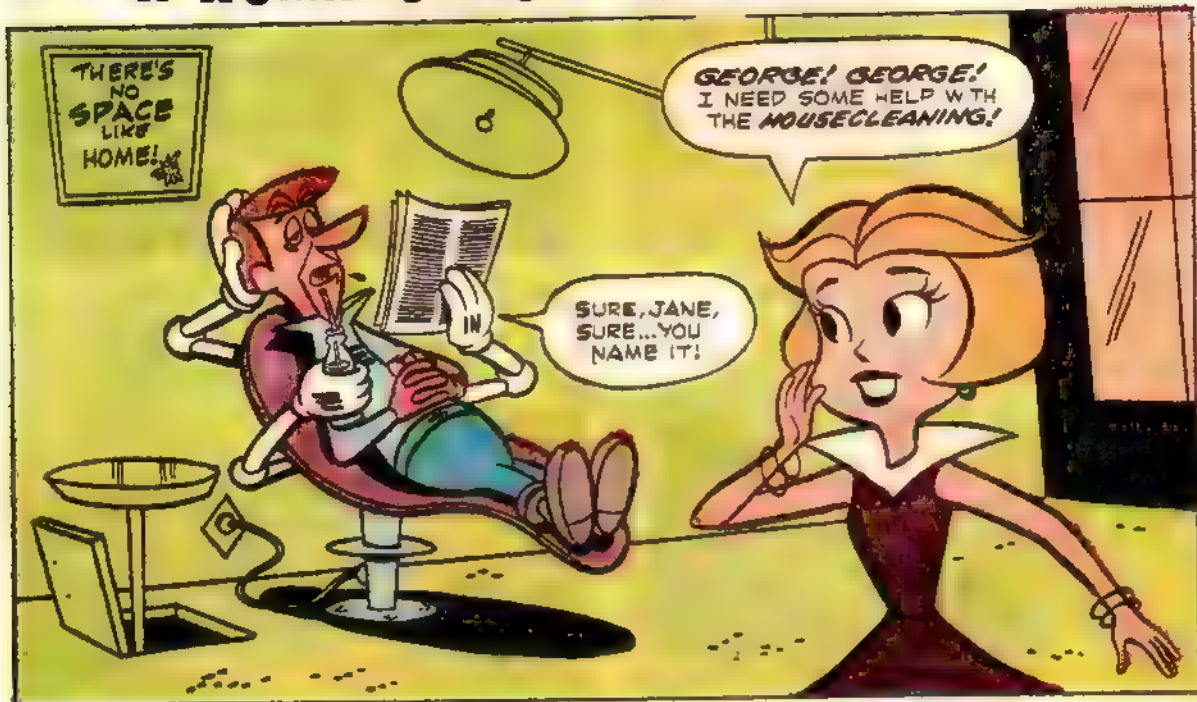


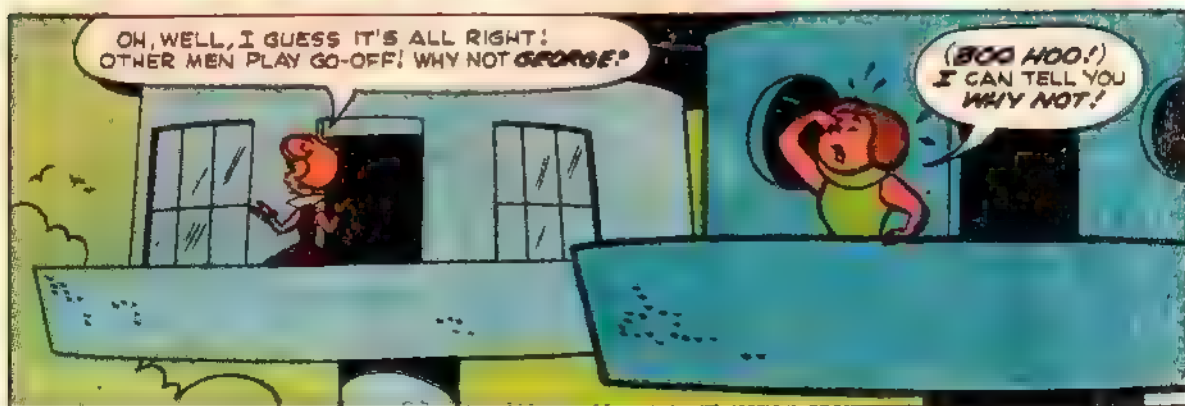
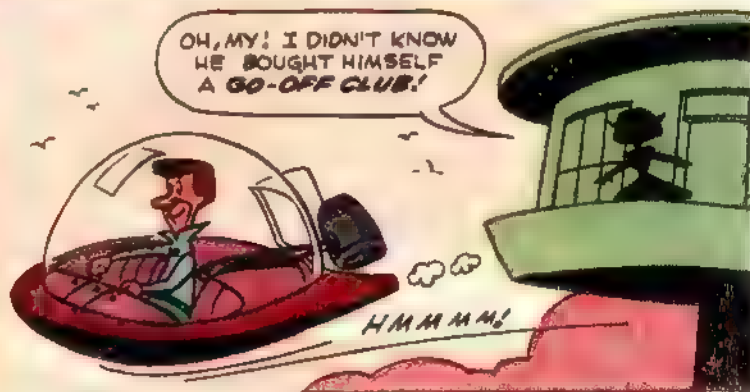
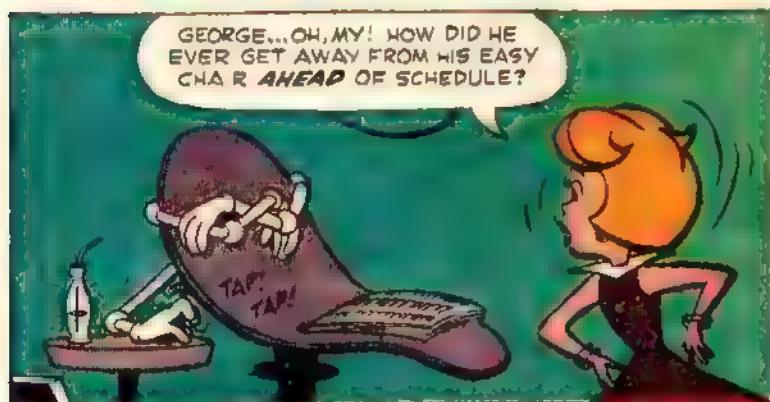
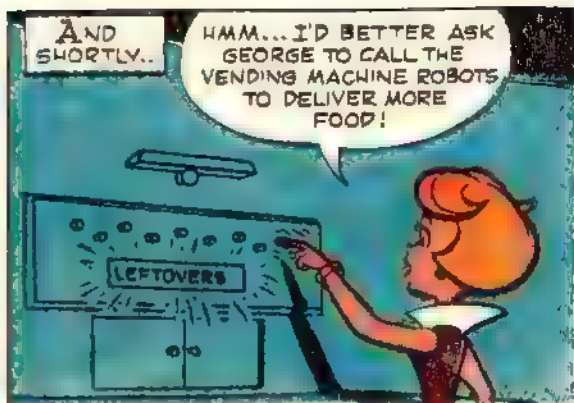
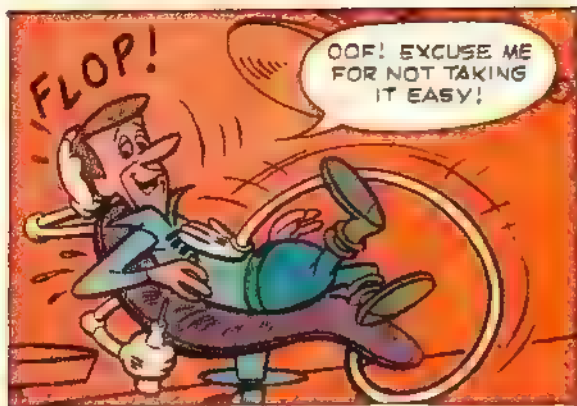


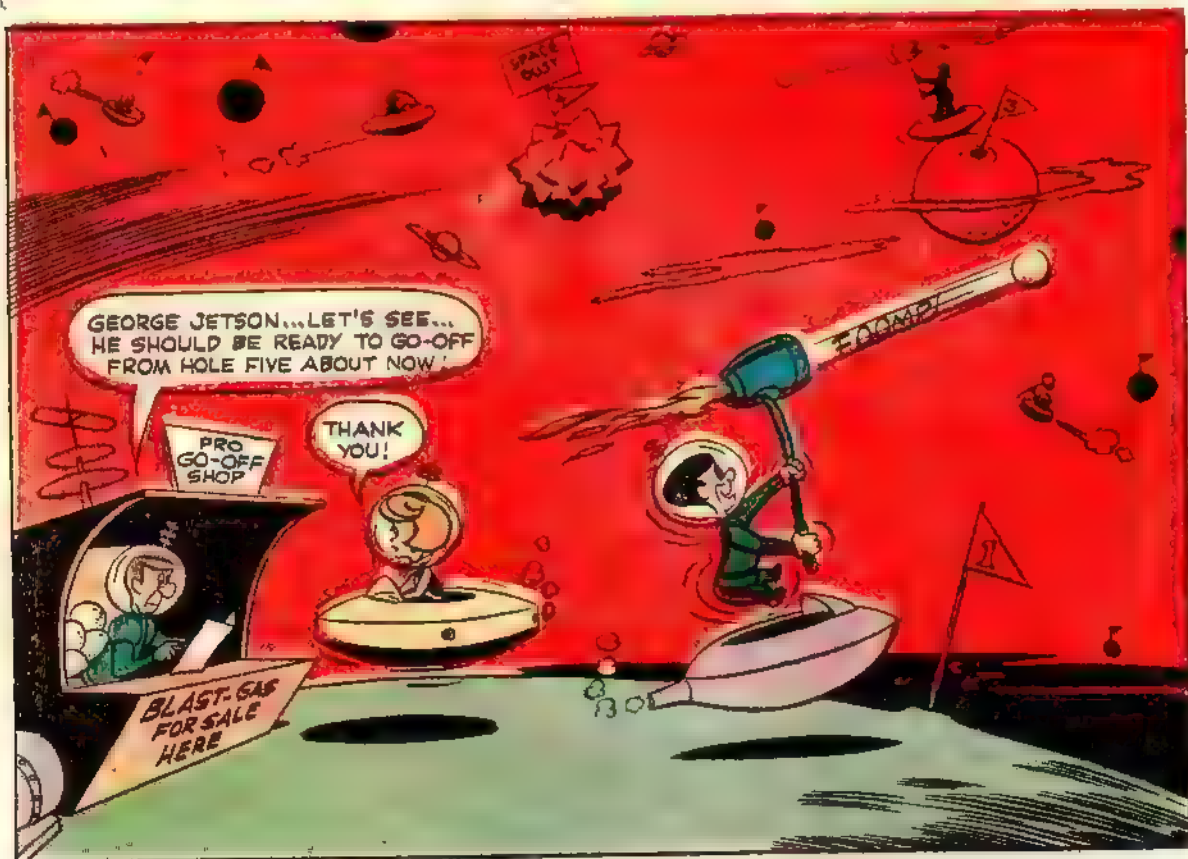
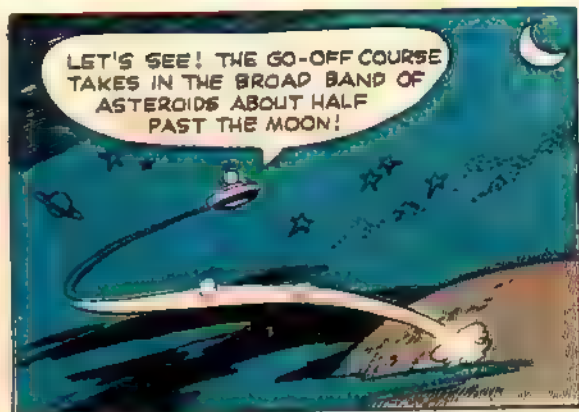
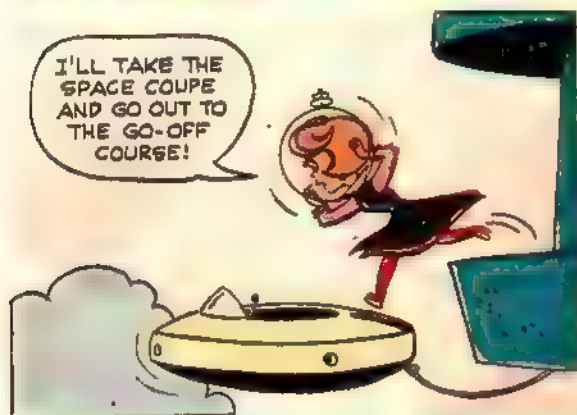
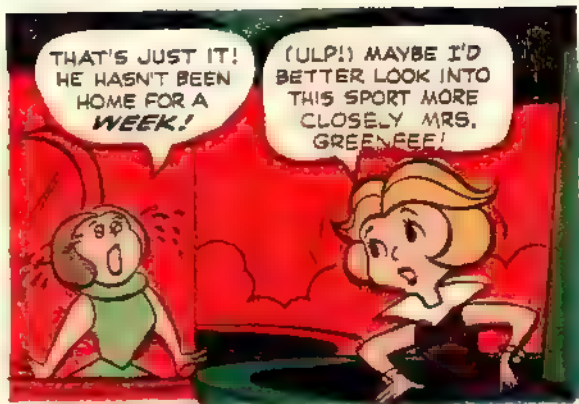
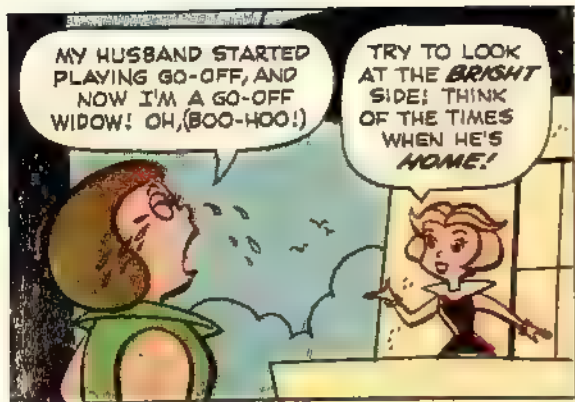


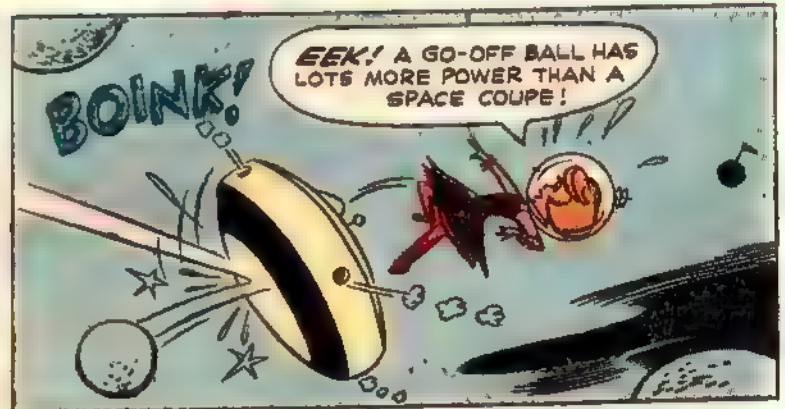
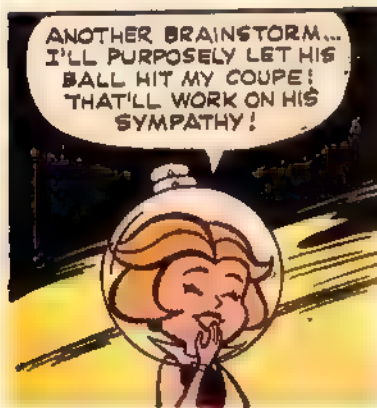
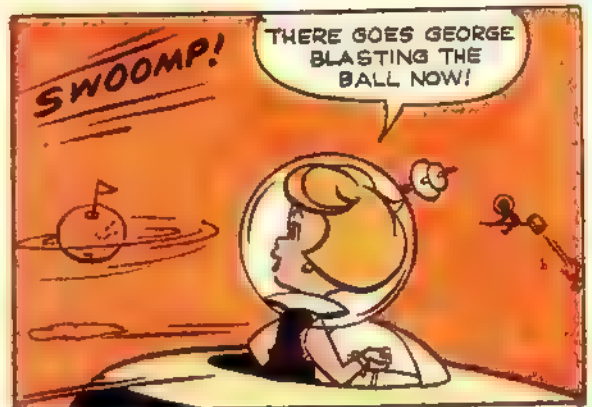
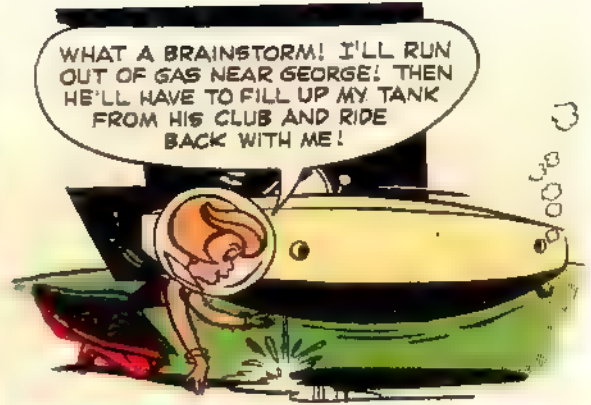
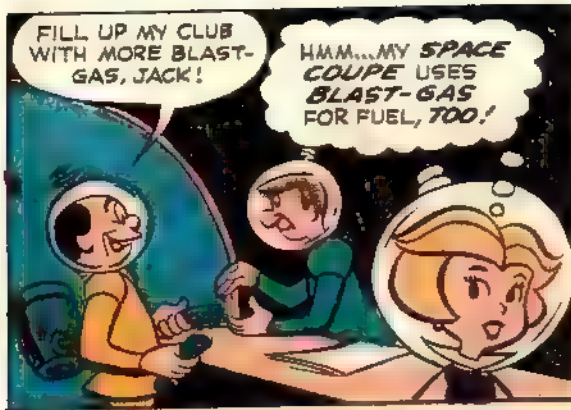


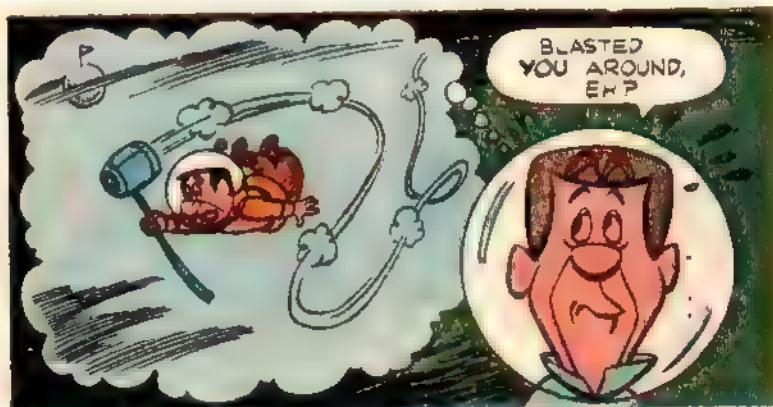
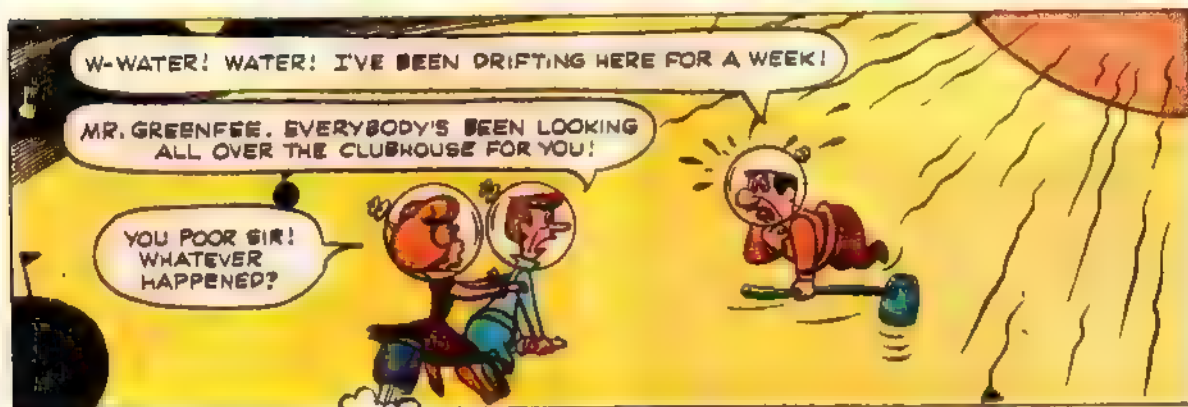
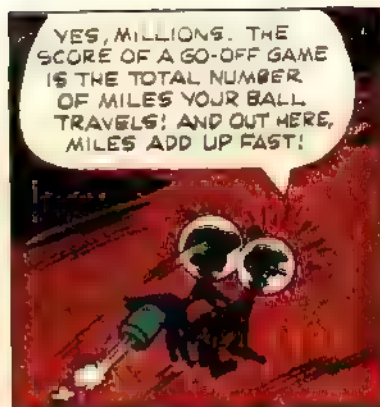
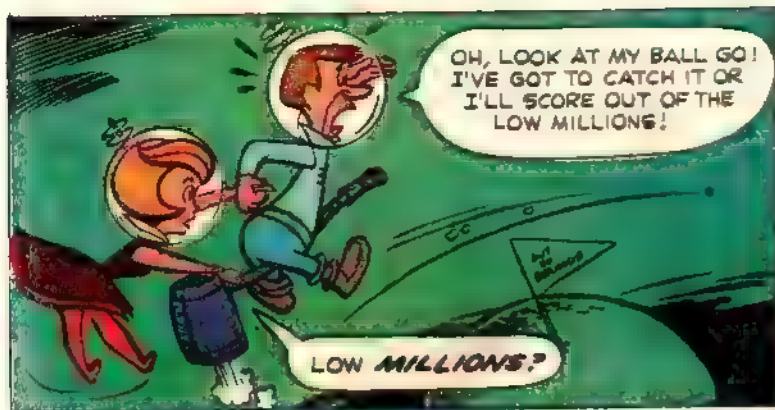
Hanna-Barbera the JETSONS
A WOMAN'S WORK IS CLEVER DONE

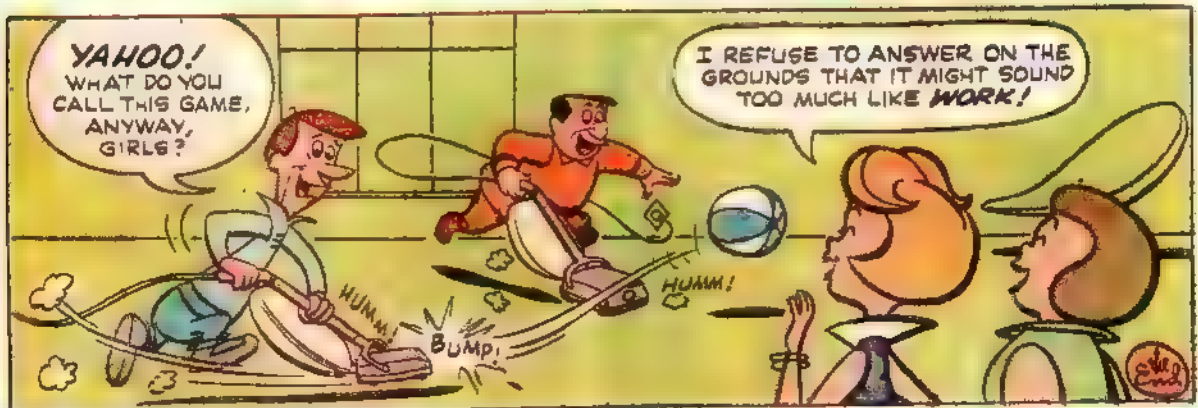
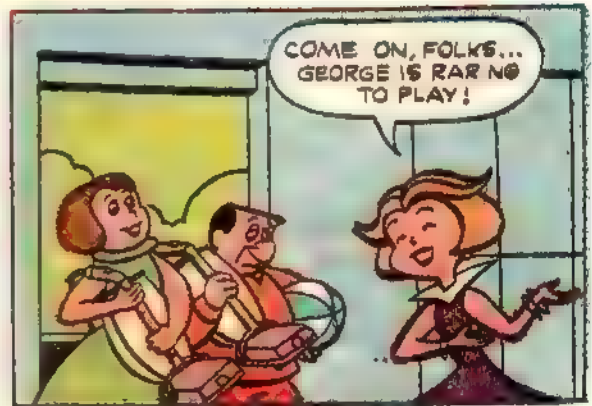
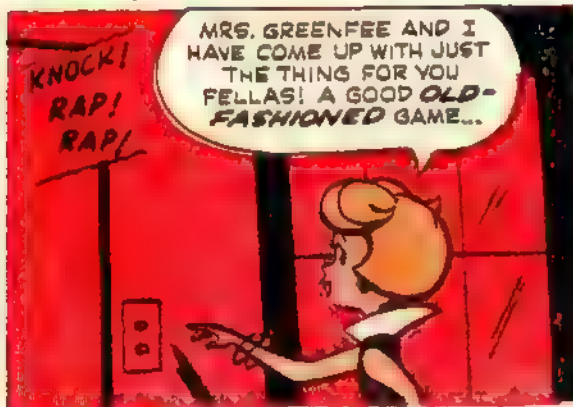
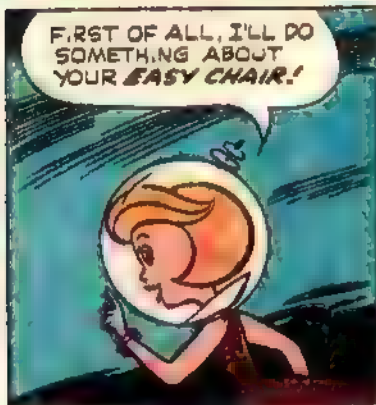
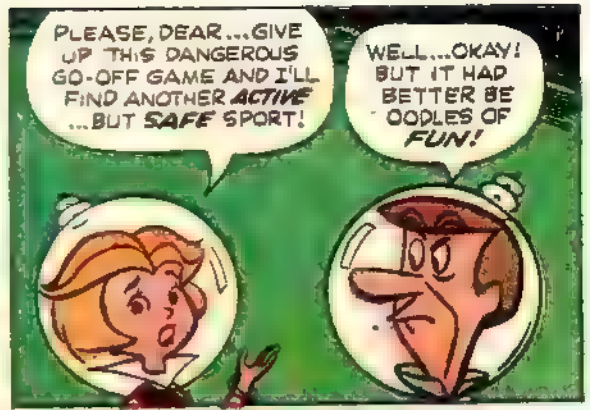
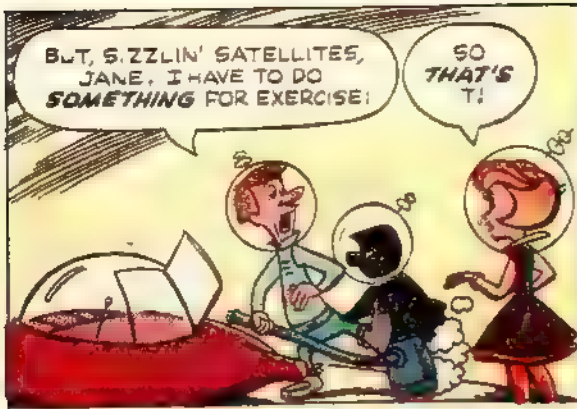






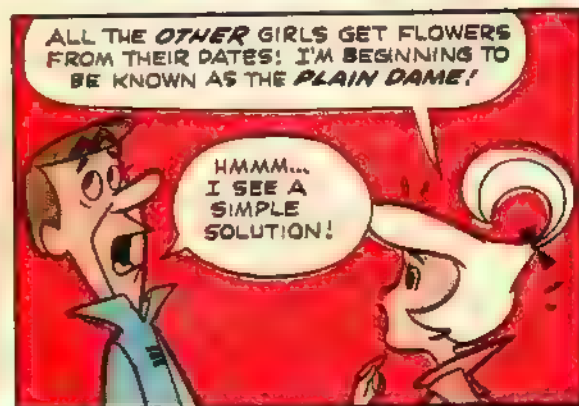
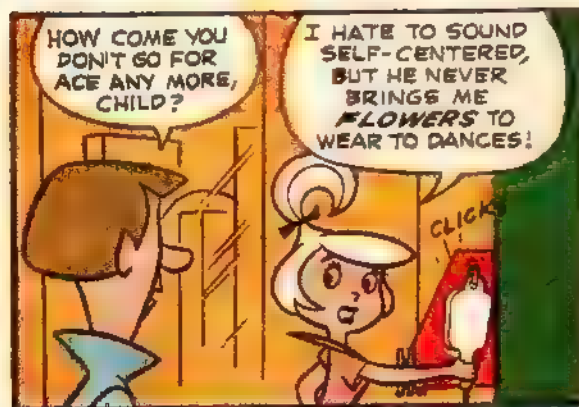
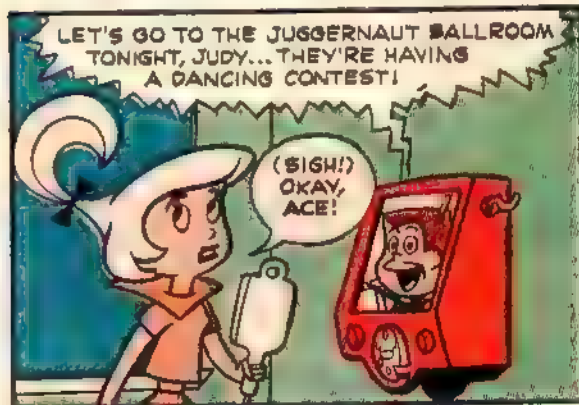
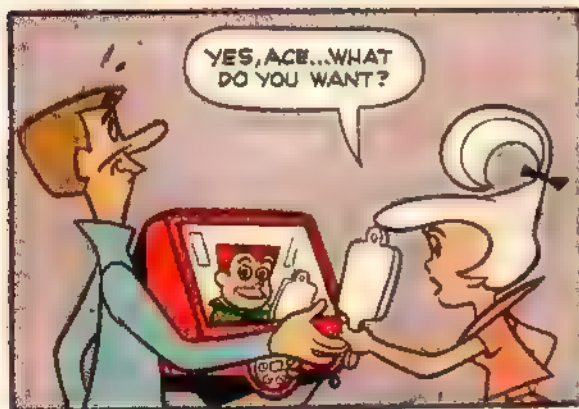
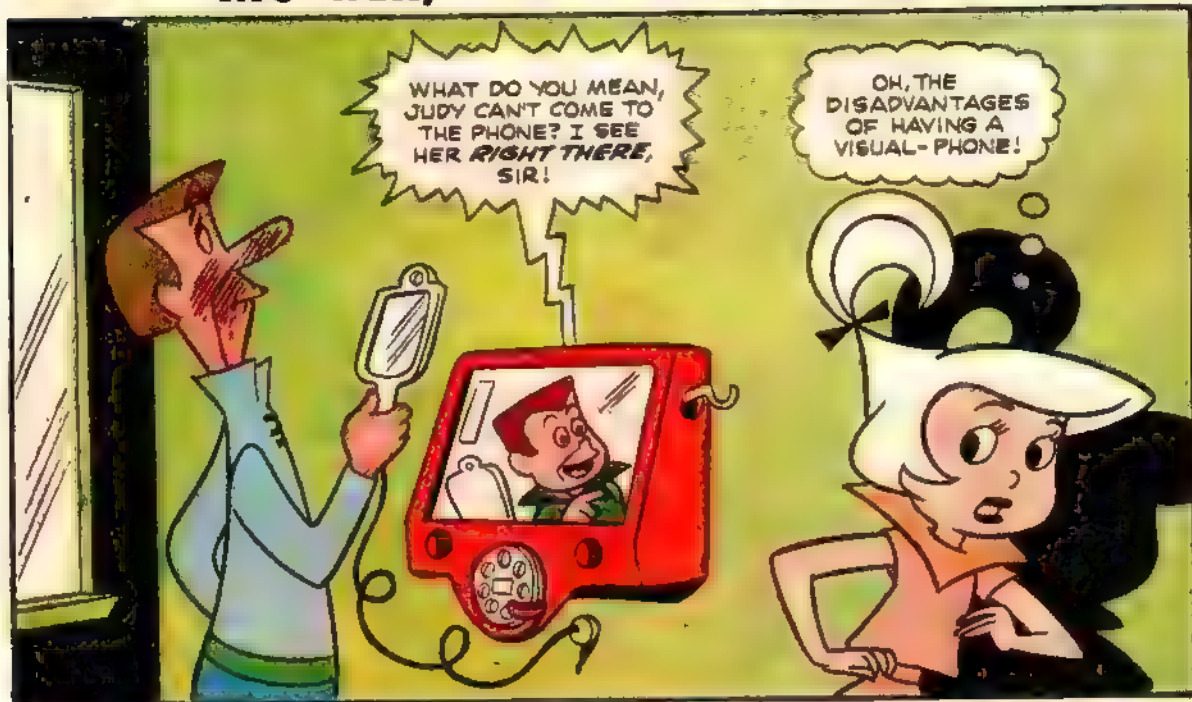


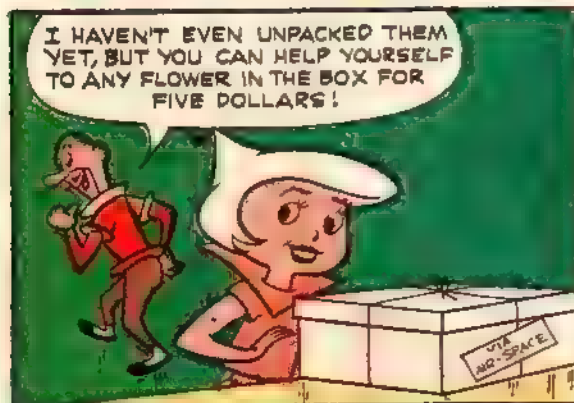
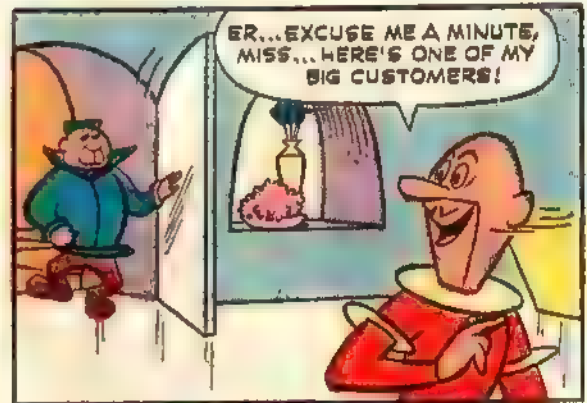
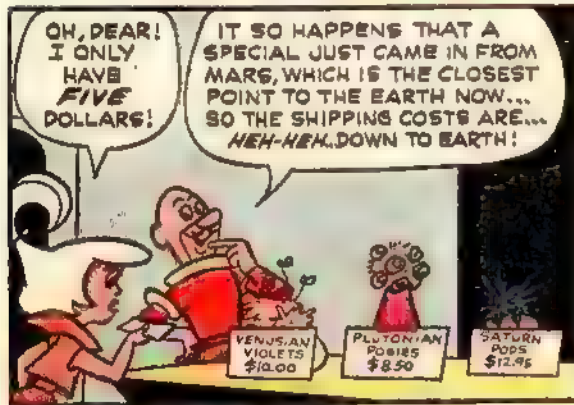
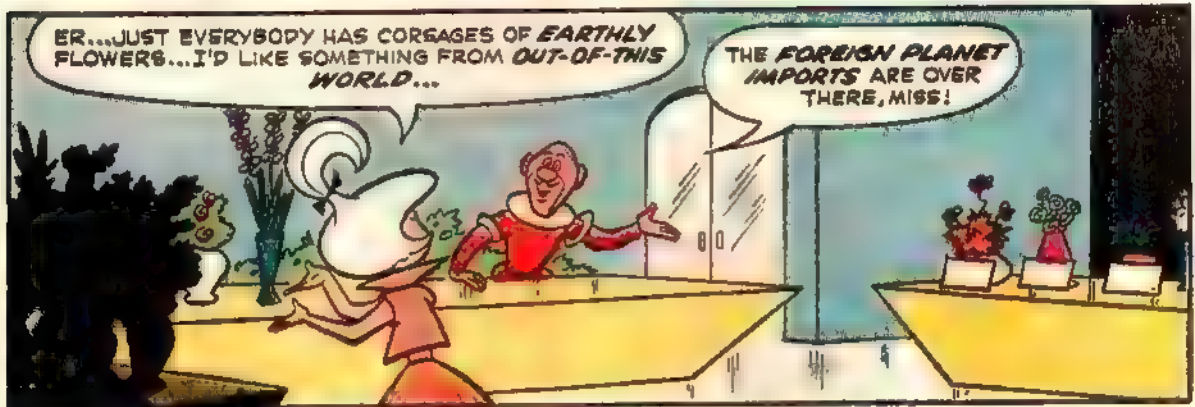
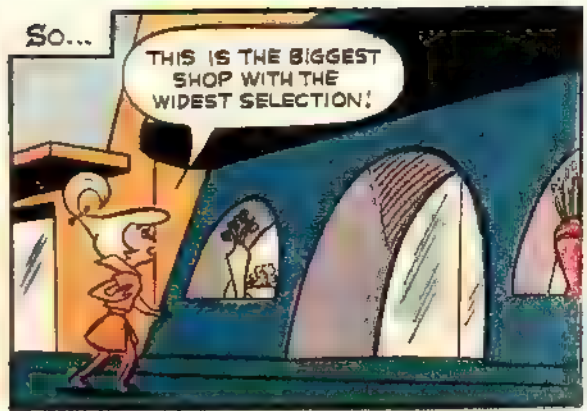
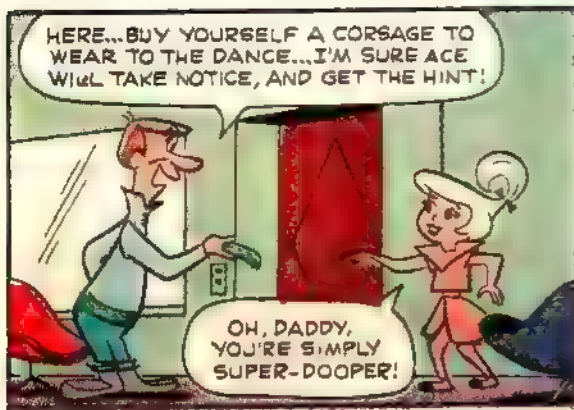


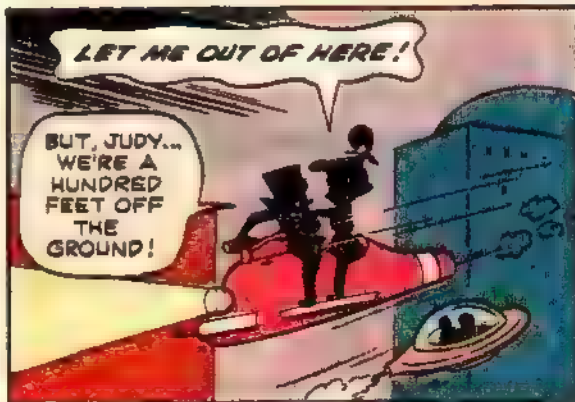
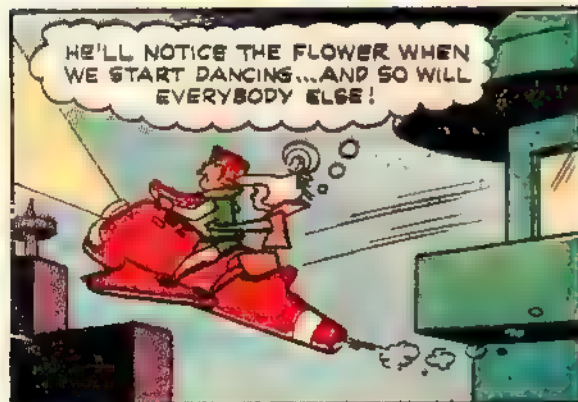
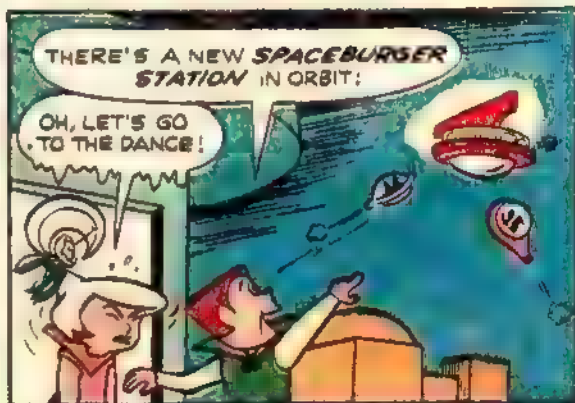
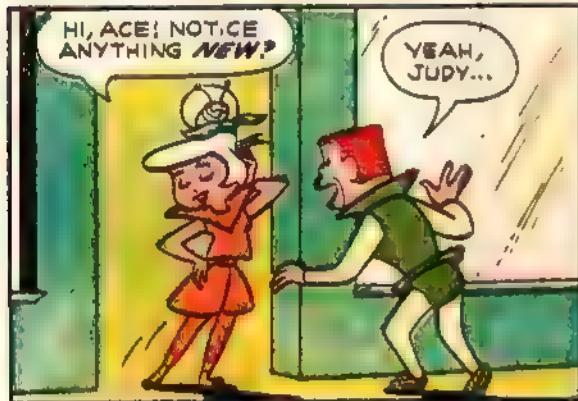
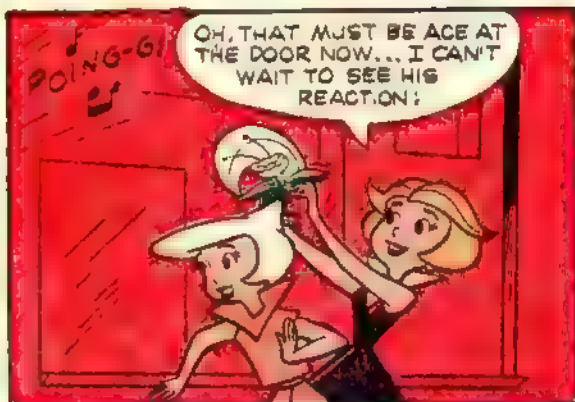
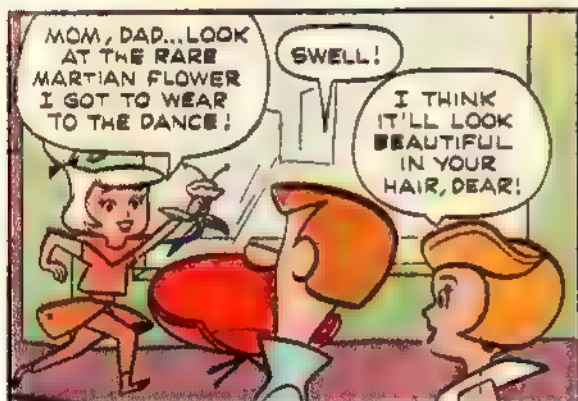
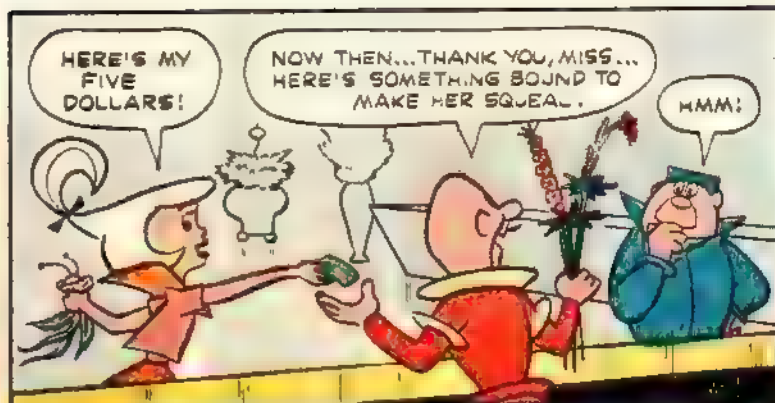


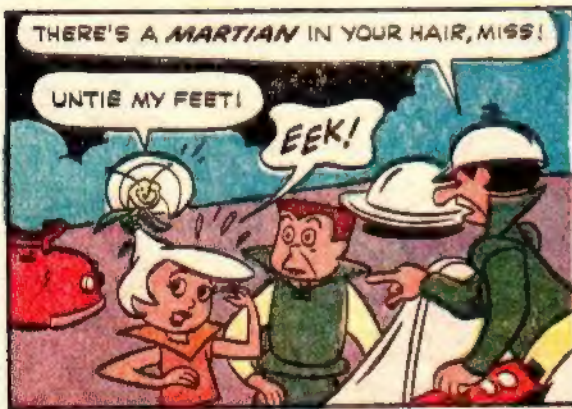
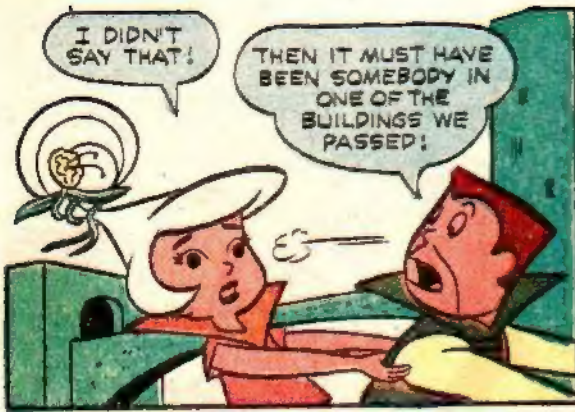
Hanna-Barbara JUDY JETSON

MOTHER, PIN A ROSE ON ME











Hanna-Barbera
The JETSONS

